

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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AN ISLAND TURNS BACK MONTE CRISTO

MONTE CRISTO'S ISLAND

PIECE OF NEWS LIKE A FAIRY TALE

Romantic Story of the Hebrides

TURNING THE GOLD SHIPS AWAY

By a Special Correspondent

Here is a story that almost takes the breath away. It is a contradiction of every romance in every language, and therefore, perhaps, the greatest romance of all.

The island of Lewis is six hours from the mainland of Scotland, a rough and stormy journey in eleven months out of the twelve.

The town of Stornoway, with its harbour and fish market, is a pleasant little place of modest prosperity, but outside the town and all over this beautiful island the people live in cabins so wretched that we should not care in England to let our cattle inhabit them. A man, his wife, and three children, working hard from morning to night, may earn twelve shillings a week.

A Great Resolve

So drear and hopeless is the prospect that the young people of Lewis emigrate in great numbers to other lands.

Now hear the romance of it. There came to this island some forty years ago an Englishman who was ill with the strain of business. He said, "If ever I retire it will be to Lewis." He went back to England, became one of the richest men in the world, and a year or two ago bought this island.

He is getting on for seventy. One great passion remains with him. It is work. Affection directed this great passion towards Lewis. He said, "I will consecrate the end of my life to making the people of Lewis happy. I will never rest until ten or twelve pounds a week is going into each of those little cottages instead of twelve shillings. I will stop that emigration. Fathers and mothers shall not lose their children; Lewis shall keep her people."

Transforming an Island

And so this Monte Cristo, far richer than the Monte Cristo of romance, set to work to transfigure the whole life of this desolate island. The millions he has earned by his industry in all quarters of the world were to be poured into Lewis. It was like a fairy tale.

He got out plans for harbours, railways, roads, houses. He made preparations for putting the best and latest handlooms in all the cottages, so that the people might weave their wool at home. He sent to Ireland for Kerry cows, so that Lewis need not go to Aberdeen for milk.

The stock on the island was to be improved and agriculture developed. But chiefly he set himself to make Lewis one of the great centres of the

A Leap for a Championship



A fine dive at Hampstead—One of the competitors, E. Walmesley, diving in the contest for the Amateur Swimming Association's Diving Championship

world's vast fishing industry, with a properly organised fleet and a wonderful system of distribution all over England.

You would have thought everyone in the island would be breathless with amazement and speechless with gratitude.

And so many of them are—in a Scotch fashion. You may say that this is true of all the people in the town of Stornoway, but it is not so with all the crofters; for some of them have decided to reject Monte Cristo. They cannot imagine life different from what it has always been on the island of Lewis. They say, "We will stick to our old ways," and they have raided the land and stood in the way of the new developments.

It might be thought an easy thing to stop these men and put the law in motion, but law is a queer thing sometimes and difficult to apply in this case. Monte Cristo has decided, then, to stop all his work on the island until his property is restored to him. He must, for not only the land is essential to his purpose, but the goodwill of the people, particularly the crofters.

Mr. Munro, Secretary for Scotland, says in Parliament that this work was bringing to Lewis nearly £4000 a week in wages alone, and he deplores the loss of all that money. He is going over to the island to see what he can do.

In the meantime the people of Lewis complain that a few crofters, a mere handful, should hold up the entire prosperity of their island. You say to them, "But why does not public opinion make it clear to the raiders that they must clear out?" and to this question one man in Stornoway made the answer, "We are like everybody else—waiting for a leader."

There is still use in the world for a village Hampden. Monte Cristo himself is powerless, in spite of all his millions, without public opinion.

Here, then, is one of the strangest romances in the world—an island which for centuries has struggled with desperate poverty is suddenly visited by Monte Cristo with shiploads of gold, and a handful of those islanders emerge from their smoky cabins, go down to the harbour, and turn his ships away!

FATHERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH MAKERS OF AUSTRALIA'S CONSTITUTION

Last of a Famous Band of Men

CHIEF JUSTICE GRIFFITH

One by one within the last decade the makers of the Australian Constitution have been gathered to their fathers. Kingston, O'Connor, Deakin, Forrest, Barton, names that will live as long as Australia endures, all have gone, and now Samuel Walker Griffith, the last, and perhaps the greatest, of that shining band, has followed them.

We are living too close to the spacious days of Australian Federation to measure the worth of the men who, in Edmund Barton's immortal phrase, fashioned "a nation for a continent, and a continent for a nation," but when their work is viewed, by posterity as that of Washington, Hamilton and Lincoln, the Fathers of the American Constitution, is viewed it will shine with a lustre as undimmed as theirs.

Writer of a Constitution

The pen of one whose privilege it was to know them all, to sit at their feet, and draw inspiration from their ideals, falters before the task of attempting to set down even a tithe of the services they rendered to their country. It is sufficient to say that they gave of their best, pressed down and running over, for Australia; the place that she holds today in the Council of Nations was won as much by their starry intellects as by the deeds of her Anzac men.

To Griffith, Parkes, Barton, and Deakin the Australian Commonwealth owes its birth. Almost every line of the written Constitution was limned by "the Chief's" own masterly hand. When, nearly two years ago, illness deprived Justice Griffith of the use of one hand, he wrote his judgments with the other. That was characteristic.

A Brilliant Career

M.P. at 27, Attorney-General of Queensland at 29, Leader of the Opposition at 34, Premier at 40, few Australian statesmen rose so rapidly to fame, and none have a greater record of service.

At fifteen he entered Sydney University. There his career was brilliant, but his public career was more brilliant still. It ended in 1893, when he became Chief Justice of Queensland. His greatest achievement was the drafting of the Bill to constitute the Australian Commonwealth—a model of clear thinking and a monument for all time.

In 1903 he was appointed first Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia.

Over this Court he presided, with consummate dignity, learning, and ability, for sixteen years. When he retired to end his days at his beautiful home on the banks of the Brisbane River he carried with him the affection of every Australian.

DO YOU LIKE BAD WEATHER?

PEOPLE WHO DO

The Ill-Wind that Blows Many People a Little Good

A POSTBAG OF SURPRISES

Bad weather seems to be more popular than is generally supposed, if we are to believe the hundreds of suggestions sent in by boys and girls from all over the United Kingdom. The letters that pour into the Editor's postbag on the subject are full of surprises, and we pick out here some of the most interesting ideas of people who benefit from bad weather.

It does not follow, of course, that all these people like bad weather, but it is to be presumed that they have not exactly the same objection to it as, say, a girl setting out for a garden-party or a boy off to a cricket match.

The guinea promised for the best list has been awarded to Florence Cochrane, 6, King Edward Road, Maidstone; but the following suggestions are taken from scores of the letters sent in.

Bill-Posters, because bad weather keeps them busy at the hoardings.

Blacksmiths, because there are more horses to shoe.

Bootblacks, to whom bad weather means a prosperous day.

Boot-protector-makers, because rain swells the leather and the protectors fall out.

Butchers, because meat keeps better.

Carriers, because there are more parcels for them to carry.

Chemists, because it makes them busy.

Clergymen, because bad weather often fills their churches.

Coal merchants, because more coal is burned in dull and rainy weather.

Cobblers, because old shoes are sent for repairs in rainy weather.

Cotton-spinners, because cotton does not break so easily in damp weather.

Country people, because rain fills their water-butts.

Cricket-fielders, because rain spoils the batsmen's chances.

Crossing-sweepers, who earn nothing in good weather.

Dairy farmers, because the grass grows better for the cows.

Fancy dealers, because women do more fancy-work when kept indoors.

Firemen, because fires are more easily put out and do not spread so quickly.

Fishermen, because more fish are caught in dull and misty weather.

Fishmongers, because fish is fresher.

Game-keepers, because cats and foxes dislike wetting their feet, and do not poach.

Garages, which have more work.

Gas companies, because people use more gas.

Hairdressers, because more women have their hair curled.

Hawkers, because it is easier to sell things at the door in bad weather.

Hospitals, because there are fewer visitors.

Hotel porters, who get more tips for calling taxis.

Kinemas and theatres, which are more patronised when it rains.

Laundries, because clothes are quickly soiled in bad weather.

Lazy outdoor people, because they do not have to work when it is wet.

Libraries, because people read more.

Match-makers, because men stay at home smoking and use more matches.

Millers, because they have more power to drive the mill.

Milliners, because rain spoils hats.

Mole-catchers, because moles come out in bad weather.

Moss-gatherers, who depend on storms to wash up the seaweed, which they gather and dry, and sell as Irish moss for pigs.

Mushroom-growers, because mushrooms grow only in wet weather.

Music shops, because damp weather breaks fiddle-strings and puts pianos out of tune.

Music teachers, because wet weather induces their pupils to practise.

Mussel-gatherers, because mussels are driven inland and are easier to gather.

Oil-cake manufacturers, because cattle are fed on oil-cake when they cannot get out.

Pessimists, who always like something to grumble about.

Petrol-dealers, because taxi-cabs are more used, and more petrol is sold.

Piano-tuners, because damp weather puts pianos out of tune.

Plumbers, because there are more repairs.

Publicans, because bad weather fills the public-houses.

Rent and rate collectors, who find more people at home.

Rice-growers, because rice must be sown in water, so that rain is welcome.

Rubber-dealers, because they sell goloshes.

Rubber merchants, because they sell more rubber.

Slaters, because rain penetrates faulty slates, and makes more work.

Sportsmen, because it is easier to approach their prey.

Stationers, because people write more.

Sweeps, because bad weather means more fires, and more fires mean choked-up chimneys.

Tarpaulin-makers, who depend on rain.

Thatchers, because farmers hasten to have their ricks thatched when it rains.

Tobacco-nists, because men smoke more.

Toy-sellers, because more toys are sold.

Tram-cars, because people use them more.

Tramps, because people are more sympathetic to a man shivering with cold or rain.

Watercart-men, because rain does their work.

Waterproof-dealers, who depend on rain.

Window-cleaners, because bad weather brings them work.

We are afraid we must not agree with all the suggestions sent in. We do not believe, for instance, that rain is welcome to a cricket team which is losing by an innings, as one reader suggests, or that doctors like bad weather because it makes people ill; or dentists because it gives them toothache, or undertakers because more people die.

One suggestion we are sure is not true. The Editor of the Children's Newspaper certainly does not like bad weather because people sit indoors to read the paper; he likes to see them reading it equally well sitting among the roses in the sun, or lying on a sheaf of golden corn, or resting by the rolling sea.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

Amazing Atlantic Crossing

In these days of huge floating palaces, which cross the seas at almost the speed of an express train, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that there are still thousands of small vessels which rely solely on the winds for their motive power, and which still do useful work.

One of these small craft, the Typhoon, which was built under the supervision of Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has just made a record journey across the Atlantic.

On July 18, with a crew of three, the Typhoon, which is only 35 feet long and has a displacement of only 15 tons, left Baddeck, in Nova Scotia. Four days later Cape Race, Newfoundland, was passed, and then began the long journey across the open Atlantic with many battles against heavy seas. On Friday, August 6, Bishop's Rock, Scilly Isles, was sighted, the 2158 miles' crossing from Newfoundland having taken only 15 days and nine and a half hours. No stop was made here, however, and the proud little craft made straight for Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, which was reached on August 9.

The Typhoon is fitted with a small cabin, 25 feet long, which served as the living quarters of the crew of three who made this amazing journey.

C.N. FUND

The total of the C.N. fund for the children of Vienna had by the end of July reached 128,315 shillings—a total of £6415 15s.

BEETLE IN THE ENGINE

HOW IT STOPPED THE CAR

Small Things that Interfere with Great Things

EARWIG THAT HELD UP A RAILWAY

There is an oil beetle which fills us with delight and wonder—the beetle that mounts a flower, catches a passing bee, then rides home on its insect steed to the hive for dinner. There is another beetle which has for a month been filling motor experts with perplexity.

The car was in danger, or appeared to be, for its lubrication seemed wrong. The oil-indicator, instead of showing that the engine was being fed with oil at a pressure of 15 pounds, showed only from five to eight pounds' pressure. For nearly a month the car was tested and tried without result. Then a fitter did what most of us would have done before: he tested the oil pipe, and out of it he blew—a beetle. All that time the little creature had been partly choking the oil-feed. The beetle was alive and feebly kicking, but after two or three hours' freedom it had quite recovered. So had the car.

Trifles that Make Troubles

Think of the little things that throw cars out of gear! A tiny bead of water in the carburettor will do it; so will a little dust; and not long ago a fly in the petrol-feed of a French car was as successful an obstructionist in the Marne district as the oily beetle has just proved in London. But motorists are not unduly singled out for these mystifying visitations; the insects are impartial. Bees swarming in a signal lamp near Kendal blotted out the light at night and stopped a royal train; but a single earwig once did worse, holding up all traffic running Citywards on the District Railway at Hounslow.

Earwigs hide where they can in the daylight. This Hounslow specimen betook itself to the railway signal-box, turned tired, and fell asleep in a vital part of the electric apparatus.

Eel in a Fireman's Hose

Its body caused a short circuit, and sent the signals to danger, so blocking all the trains until the puzzle was solved and the earwig was withdrawn from its unlawful couch.

A breezy, buzzing fly did a similar thing a few years ago on the North Wales Railway. Here, again, there was a stoppage of the flow of current, and for five hours traffic on the line had to be conducted by hand signals, while the fly in the mechanism dominated the situation.

Frogs and eels in water pipes are frequent causes of stoppages. One eel, indeed, played Bolshevik at a London fire by wedging itself into the firemen's hose, and another put an end to the day's work at the White Coppice Mill, Chorley, by slipping out of a reservoir into the pipe and shutting off the factory supply of water.

Menagerie in a Pipe

Even stranger intruders than these occasionally break in upon the ordered life and mechanism of industry. Some years ago the decrease of the water-supply to the engine of a Burnley mill led to the examination of the pipe leading to the cistern into which water was pumped from a canal 60 feet below.

In the pipe were ten different species of snails, of which one species was present in thousands, and was of far greater size than its kindred out in the canal. Snails have been found in multitudes in London water pipes, and once they actually interfered with the water supply of Hamburg.

So trifles in the wrong place wax tremendous and challenge all the powers of men.

PATHETIC SCENE IN A COURT

JUDGE SENTENCES A FRIEND

The Love of Justice that is Over All

A FATHER IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

Above all, justice must reign. In the lovely mountain-encircled city of Innsbruck, capital of the Austrian province of Tyrol, a touching scene has been witnessed in proof of it.

A judge of that alluring mountain land has been forgetting his loyalty to justice during the war, and has gambled away money left under his care. Found out and condemned, he has had to stand in the prisoner's dock and hear his sentence of three years' penal servitude from the lips of one of his dearest friends, a fellow judge.

As the judge pronounced the sentence tears streamed down his face, and the scene closed with the judge leaving his seat and shaking hands with the wrongdoer before he passed out of sight into the gloom of prison. As a friend the judge wept, as an upholder of justice he was firm as adamant, for justice must reign.

The Stern Roman

The scene recalls one of more than 2000 years ago, when the first of a line of famous Romans who bore the name of Brutus found himself, as a consul of Rome, in the seat of justice, judging his two sons as traitors to the city.

Brutus had delivered the city from a tyrant king, but a plot was made to replace the tyrant on the throne, and among the conspirators were the two sons of Brutus. Then came the contest between a father's love for his children and a patriot's duty to his country.

Notwithstanding the appeal of the sons for mercy, Brutus felt that justice must reign, and not only did he pronounce the sentence of death, but he saw personally that it was carried out. And stern Roman patriotism honoured him for his devotion to his country's good, and kept his name in remembrance as an example and inspiration.

TOP OF SNOWDON

Sale of a Great Peak

WHAT CAN BE SEEN FROM IT

The summit of Snowdon, the highest mountain in the British Isles outside Scotland, has been sold for £7520—a bare, rocky peak of no value except as a fine object to look at from near and far, and a still finer place to look from, over hundreds of miles of land and sea.

Because Snowdon holds the record for height in England and Wales, and also gloriously rewards all who reach its summit, every traveller wishes to go there. Indeed, so keen is this wish that a little railway winds its way to the top, where there is a hotel at which you can stay the night to see the sun rise. So the mountain is probably bought for the sake of business.

The better way up is to walk by one of the four steep paths that meet near the top. From Snowdon's 3560 feet you not only see all North Wales spread out below you, but the Wicklow Hills across the Irish Sea, the Isle of Man, and the hills of Cumberland.

Snowdon is a great, rugged mountain mass rising from a base 36 miles round, if you follow the highways that encircle it. It spreads into a number of peaks, some of which connect up with the central peak by narrow ridges dangerous to traverse. It is the central peak that has been bought, and not the whole mountain.

Though one-fourth more than the height of Snowdon would have to be added to it to make it as high as Ben Nevis, the monarch of British mountains, it is a finer mountain than Ben Nevis because of its graceful shape, whereas the Ben is a big, square lump.

FRANCE BORROWS A WORD

THE GOOD OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN

Give and Take in Languages

FRENCH WORDS WE USE

The French Academy, which safeguards the purity of the French language, has borrowed one of the biggest words in our language, the English word "gentleman."

Really it is one of the biggest words in any language. When Captain Scott, slowly approaching death in the cold and hunger that surround the South Pole, wanted to say what he thought of Captain Oates, who, with a cheery word, hobbled out of the tent on his frost-bitten feet to die in the bitter night, and so give his comrades a slightly better chance of getting back to their ship, Captain Scott said simply, "He was a very gallant gentleman," and everyone felt it was enough. It told the story.

For the word at its biggest means all that is kind and noble in spirit, and all that is admirable in manner. We can congratulate France on having it.

Words Enriched

It is not the first word by many a one that the French have borrowed from us in exchange for more that we have borrowed from them.

Often a word has been borrowed from one language, as by the English from the French, enlarged and enriched, and handed back as a new word. This is the case now.

Similar, though not such rich, examples of change backward and forward may be seen in our words "tunnel" and "tourist." The French had the word "tour," but we were the people, full of curiosity, who went on tour, and gave them and the world the word "tourist."

In the same way the French had a word "tonnelle" for a round-mouthed place like an arbour or a cave; but we made round passages through the earth for railways, and with the railways gave the French back the word "tunnel."

Words From Sport

Many of the words which the French have borrowed from us are descriptive of our special sports which the French have adopted. "Yacht," "steeplechase," and "jockey" are instances. "Club" is an English word and an English thing given, in its social meaning, to the whole world. "Jury" has at the back of it a French word for taking an oath, but its English meaning extends to the people who take the oath and the purpose for which the oath is taken—that is, to do justice.

Nearly all adopted words point to some special national doings or interest—"cheque" to our business enterprise, "waterproof" to one of our manufacturing inventions, "bull-terrier" to our doggy proclivities, and so on.

In the same way the words we have borrowed from the French often tell of things in which they, as a people, have been specially expert. From war come many examples, such as "aide de-camp," "bivouac," and "reveille." French skill in dress and feminine fashions has given us such words as "trousseau," "bou-doir," and "etiquette."

Still They Come

Some of their words have come to us because we had no term as short with just the same meaning, as "depôt," "débris," "éclat," and "encore."

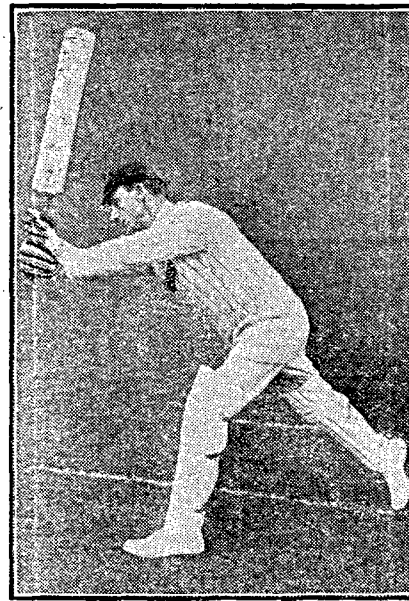
It is curious that the French do not use their own word "encore" as we use it. They say "Bis! Bis!" or "Twice," when they wish to hear anything again.

And the cry is still they come, as we saw in "camouflage," two years ago, and see in "chars-a-banc," which is perhaps the commonest word of today. This international borrowing goes on throughout all the languages of the world, with manifest advantage to those who borrow and those who lend.

JACK HOBBS MAKES SEVEN HITS



An Awkward Stroke



A Long Reach



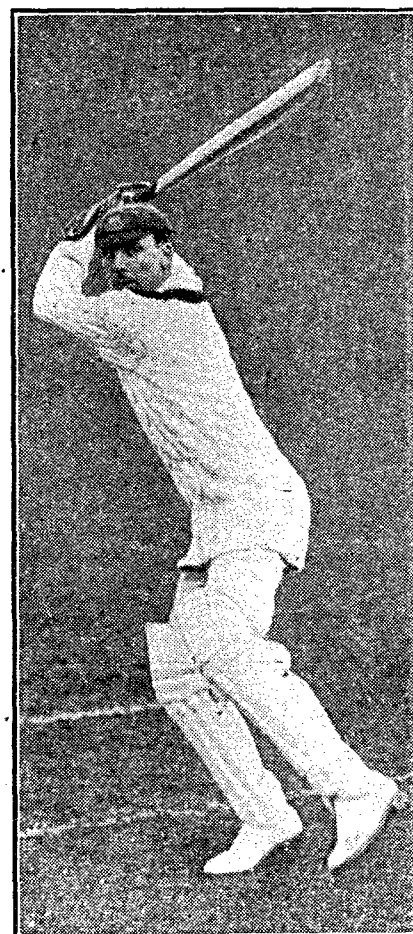
Off to the Boundary



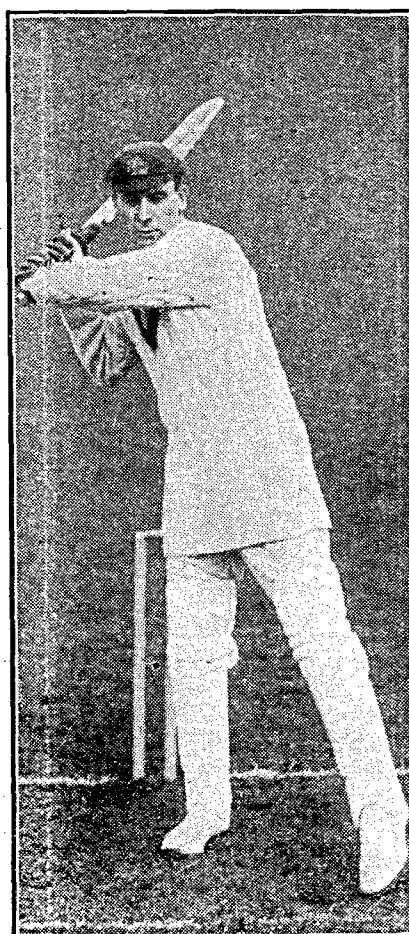
Playing a Straight Bat



A Cautious Stroke



Receiving a Loose Ball



Eyes on the Ball

Jack Hobbs, who is going to Australia with the M.C.C. team, shows C.N. readers some of the strokes that have made him one of our finest batsmen

THE WOLF CUB KEPT AS A PET IN ROME

The Old Legend of the Eternal City

HERO AND THE MAP

One of the interesting incidents of the Jamboree at Olympia was the presentation of a wolf cub to the Chief Scout's little son. Wolf cubs are often kept as pets in Rome. They are brought up like puppies, and grow into friendly pets in the home of Roman citizens, we are told.

But the association between Rome and the wolf is as old as the city itself. It was a friendly mother wolf, legend has it, which rescued the babies Romulus and Remus from flood and starvation, and suckled them like kittens, so that they grew to boyhood and manhood and founded the city whose name perpetuates that of Romulus. And the mother wolf is celebrated in the city emblem: a wolf feeding two lusty baby boys is the sign of Rome.

There are always wolves in Italy, in the mountains and forests and wide lands left waste by the wars of long ago; and from the wild stock two are taken periodically to be honoured in Rome, for while the city has a carved representation of a wolf for her crest, one or two live wolves are always kept in a cage in a shady garden near the Capitol.

What happens to tame wolves when they grow up? All wild animals tend to become rough and savage when they reach maturity in domestic life. A tame fox can never be trusted when grown up; apes cannot; elephants sometimes become murderous; a gnu in the Zoo is the most feared of beasts.

A Mad World

But wolves, much more than dogs, are subject to rabies, which is a danger added to latent, sullen ferocity. When rabies comes, then no living thing is safe. What can happen in such circumstances was revealed a few years ago, not in Italy, but to Britons farther East.

It was the party led by Colonel A. H. MacMahon, which was marking the boundary between Afghan and Persia. In Seistan all the wolves went mad and bit the hyenas—or else the disease started among the hyenas and they attacked the wolves. At any rate, they were all mad and roaming near and far like frightful evil spirits. Fearing that their own dogs would be bitten and infected, the natives of the party killed these animal guardians and left themselves defenceless.

The consequence was that the other creatures of the camp were assailed by the terrible beasts of the wilds, and, among others, 48 camels were bitten, went mad, and died of hydrophobia. Fifty brave men perished, but not from rabies, in that expedition. One survivor came back to the main camp, bringing the treasured map they had made. He was found unconscious by a pool of water, but the map was there, wrapped round his body.

CAN WE GROW TOBACCO?

A Living for 200 Families

The Ministry of Agriculture believes tobacco may be grown profitably in England. It makes the statement that 1000 acres of British soil, not suitable for growing wheat, would grow tobacco, and would employ for eight months of the year 200 families at a good profit.

The fact is that tobacco was once grown successfully in the British Islands, but the Government of those days—Charles the Second's time—found that collecting the duty on the tobacco grown at home was such a bother that they forbade its growth, and the tobacco fields were deliberately destroyed.

Later, the growth of tobacco was stopped both in Scotland and Ireland, and it was only allowed to be revived 35 years ago.

It is now being grown in Norfolk, 36 acres, and in Hampshire, 20 acres.

POWER FREE OF CHARGE

Something that has Not Gone Up

THE WAR THAT GAVE US AEROPLANES & WINDMILLS

The whole world is crying out for cheap power. Coal is continually rising, and in some countries its price makes it prohibitive. Oil, also, is getting scarcer and dearer, and yet it is from these things that we get the power to drive our ships, trains, motor-cars, and machinery. The dearth of things in general is largely due to the fact that the power needed to produce and carry them is costing so much more than it did before the war. What is the world to do?

Well, strange to say, there is one form of power which costs no more than it did. It is free everywhere, and no costly plant is needed to make it available. Though not so regular or powerful in its action as coal or oil, it is of great value, and we may yet be very glad to use it as our forefathers did.

This free and universal power is the wind, and it is astonishing to know that at present nearly 200 sea-going sailing vessels are being built. Before the war it looked as if the sailing vessel was doomed, for, while the tonnage of steamships was enormously on the increase, that of sailing vessels was declining.

Five Thousand Sailing Ships

At present there are 26,513 steamers in the world, with a tonnage of 54 millions, while the sailing ships number only 5082, with a tonnage of less than three-and-a-half millions, or one-fifteenth that of the steamers.

In 1888 the tonnage of steamers was 36,200,000, and of sailing vessels 12,600,000, or more than one-third of the steamers. In 1850 the steamers and sailing ships were about the same—six-and-a-half million tons of each.

Now, with coal and oil so expensive, men are again thinking of the power that costs nothing, and the fact that 168 sailing ships are being built in various countries is a proof that a return to the transport methods of our forefathers is likely. With a small motor to assist her through the calms, a sailing ship may well become a practical proposition for the twentieth century.

Not only so, but many old windmills up and down the country have been put into working order, and are now doing good service in grinding corn. These old windmills, with their wooden machinery, were fast disappearing, and many that remained were not thought worth repairing until the present fuel crisis arose.

Truly we are living in strange times when, like the householder in the parable, the world is bringing out of its treasures things new and old. The war which has produced the aeroplane as a commercial means of transport is giving us back the sailing ship and the windmill.

WHAT WILL THE WEATHER BE?

Forecasts for Sale

Anybody can now get weather forecasts from the Weather Office as frequently as they care to pay for them.

The cost is threepence for a telephone message, and sixpence plus the Post Office charge for a wire.

You pay beforehand by leaving five shillings at the Meteorological Office, Kingsway, London, and the cost is taken out of the deposit till the money is exhausted.

Farmers, builders, engineers, holiday-makers, it is expected, will make use of the supply of weather news, which usually covers two days beforehand with reasonable accuracy.

Some business people find it an advantage to have the weather forecast forwarded to them three or four times a day.

HAROLD WALLER

A Boy Who Made Good

There has been some public discussion of the reformatory school boy. Here is the story of one of them.

He got into bad ways as a child and was sent to the Stoke Farm School. Happily for him he came under the influence of excellent men. He responded to their faith in him. Directly he saw the right course he pursued it. One may truthfully say that he grew to be as fine and upright a lad as any in England.

Harold Waller left the school in November, 1913, and immediately joined the Navy as a stoker. How he managed to do this we do not know, but we imagine he had to keep his record to himself. After a few months he won the higher position of "engineer's writer."

He wrote many letters to his old school. On April 10, 1914, when he was on board H.M.S. Amphion, he wrote: "I meant to visit the school on Easter Monday, but I remember the old school motto, 'Duty before pleasure.' War came next month. The engineer's writer sent one more letter back to his old school. On August 2 he wrote: 'We go out tonight under sealed orders. We have got everything ready for war on board here. I will do my best to bring credit to Stoke Farm School.'"

The Boy Who Loved His Ship

His ship was the first to deal a blow at German mine-laying, the first to fall a victim to German mines; and Harold Waller, the reformatory school boy, was one of the first to give his life.

The boys of his old school sent a telegram of condolence to his mother. This is how Harold's mother replied:

When Harold was at Stoke Farm School in more than one letter home he said: "When I come home I shall redeem the past," and truly he did it to the very letter. He loved his ship and has gone down with it.

We take this last sentence as a noble epitaph. It means that this boy not only did his duty, but loved doing it, and in doing it marched on into another world with his past redeemed.

When we think of Harold Waller let us ask ourselves whether there is any finer work in the world than helping such splendid manhood to get over the mistakes of an unfortunate childhood.

There is an ancient Persian proverb which says, "O God, be merciful to the wicked: to the good Thou hast already been merciful in making them good."

LOST DOG FINDS HIS MASTER

Bournemouth Tram Story

A Bournemouth reader thinks her dog is clever. So do we. This is what she says.

On Sunday night we took Rough for a walk and lost him. He is a mongrel terrier we bought from the Dogs' Home.

He did not come back that night, and we thought he had been run over. But next morning, while Daddie was in a tram going to his office, Rough jumped on the tram while it was going and sat on the seat beside him, licking his face, and frantic with joy.

We had never taken him on trams, and he was two miles from home.

MOTORING FOR BABIES

The Cradle in the Car

Babies can now indulge in the pleasures of motoring in safety and comfort by means of an invention known as the motor crib.

This is a neat cradle strapped to the back of the front seats of the car. By an arrangement of springs all shocks of the road are absorbed.

There is a protective hood on the wind side, and the crib, weighing only ten pounds, folds up flat when not in use.

COCK OF THE WALK

One of the Strangest Birds in the World

THE PLOP AND THE STRUT

On the western plains of North America, in Oregon, for instance, there lives an extraordinary grouse, almost as big as our capercaillie, one of the strangest birds in the world.

It is called the sage-grouse. It has a fan-shaped tail, with stiff, narrow, pointed feathers, and the cock has a huge inflatable air-sac on his throat. The colours are black, brown, grey, and buff; and the air-sac shows two yellowish-green bare spots, separated and surrounded by short feathers, which have been worn down to stiff bristles.

Throughout the mating time, but long after courting is over, the cocks assemble on bare flats and show off. They dance, they strut about, they utter sounds like the opening of soda-water bottles.

Three Plops

Mr. R. Bruce Horsfall has recently been able to get a good view of the strutting of the cock sage-grouse, and has given some extraordinary pictures.

The strut was made up of four movements. First, the filling of the air pouch, accompanied by a grunting sound; second, a short, stiff-legged run, in which neither pouch nor wings touched the ground; third, the bird stopped suddenly, spread his tail as it rose to the perpendicular, threw back his head, and with a forward movement of the wings pushed the air-filled pouch well up on the chest; fourth, there was a sudden upward throw, followed by a more vigorous and snappy toss, and the tightened pouch came down again on the extended chest with a rubbery "plop." This plop was repeated three times; then the bird eased down for another rumbling gurgles and another run.

Gathering for Miles

The strut seems to be a sort of play, an expression of pleasant excitement and well-being; and a quaint feature is that each bird seems to have a private ground on which no other dares to trespass. There he is cock of the walk indeed. If an intruder comes on the scene there is a fight, in which, with rump feathers erect, lowered heads and tails, and dragging pouches, the birds sidle round and strike with their wings, all the while scolding in a trumpeting, gurgling grunt. The cocks gather from miles around to suitable bare flats, where they dance and strut and "plop."

A real courting performance of a rather different kind seems to take place in the daytime, far from the watering-place, on the sage-covered hills.

C.N. v. KINEMA

A School Experiment

Quite recently some interesting experiments in the use of the kinema in the teaching of geography were carried out in a large town in the Midlands.

In one of these experiments a class of children was divided into two parts. One half was shown an excellent geographical film illustrating the growing, gathering, cleaning, sorting, and packing of oranges. The other half did not see the film.

Without having had any previous warning, several days afterwards both sets were told to write an account of the culture of the orange. To the great surprise of everyone those who had seen the film did no better than those who had not seen it. It was then discovered that the children who had not seen the film had gathered their information chiefly from sources such as the C.N. and the Children's Encyclopedia.

From this experiment it may be concluded that with children of this age—they were all between 13 and 14—the film is not so important an instrument of education as in earlier years, for at this age a child can gather information for himself through his own reading.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A BAD INFLUENCE ON CHARLES STUART

The Story of Brave Alice Lisle

JUDGE WHO HOUNDED RALEIGH TO HIS DOOM

- Aug. 29. Royal George sank at Spithead . . . 1782
30. Theodoric the Great died at Ravenna . . . 526
31. Henrietta Maria died near Paris . . . 1669
Sep. 1. Sir Richard Steele died at Carmarthen 1729
2. Alice Lisle executed for treason . . . 1685
3. Sir Edward Coke died at Stoke Poges . . . 1634
4. Charles II. flees from Worcester . . . 1651

Queen Henrietta Maria

KINGS and queens, on the whole, have had more chance than any other kind of people of doing either good or evil. Henrietta Maria, the French queen of Charles Stuart, was one of those whose influence was for evil.

She was not a bad woman. She meant to be good. But she interfered with things she did not understand, and made mischief. If King Charles had married a wiser woman, one who would not have advised him badly, in all probability he would not have lost his throne and head.

Like his Scottish father, he did not understand English people, and his queen misunderstood them altogether. She was constantly plotting to do foolish things and being found out, and so casting doubt on her husband, who became enmeshed in a network of deceit.

The life of Henrietta Maria shows how a good woman through want of knowledge may be a mischievous queen.

Alice Lisle

Alice Lisle was an English lady who will never be forgotten because, for doing a kind act, she was murdered by a brutal English judge, whose name of Jeffreys will always be loathed.

The Duke of Monmouth, a son of Charles II., invaded England to overthrow his uncle, King James II., but was defeated at Sedgemoor in Somerset, captured, and died on the scaffold.

West Country people who had supported him were rounded up and executed, almost without trial, by Jeffreys—320 of them—and one among them was Alice Lisle.

She lived near Ringwood, in Hampshire, and one night a minister called and asked for shelter, which she gave him without knowing where he came from.

A spy informed the soldiers who were searching for fugitives from Sedgemoor, and the minister was caught next morning. Though Lady Alice Lisle had no sympathy with the rebellion of Monmouth, she was condemned by Jeffreys to be burned because she had sheltered the minister for one night.

She was not burned, however, but was beheaded; a martyr murdered, in the name of the law, for an act of simple hospitality.

No blacker deed is recorded anywhere in English history.

Sir Edward Coke

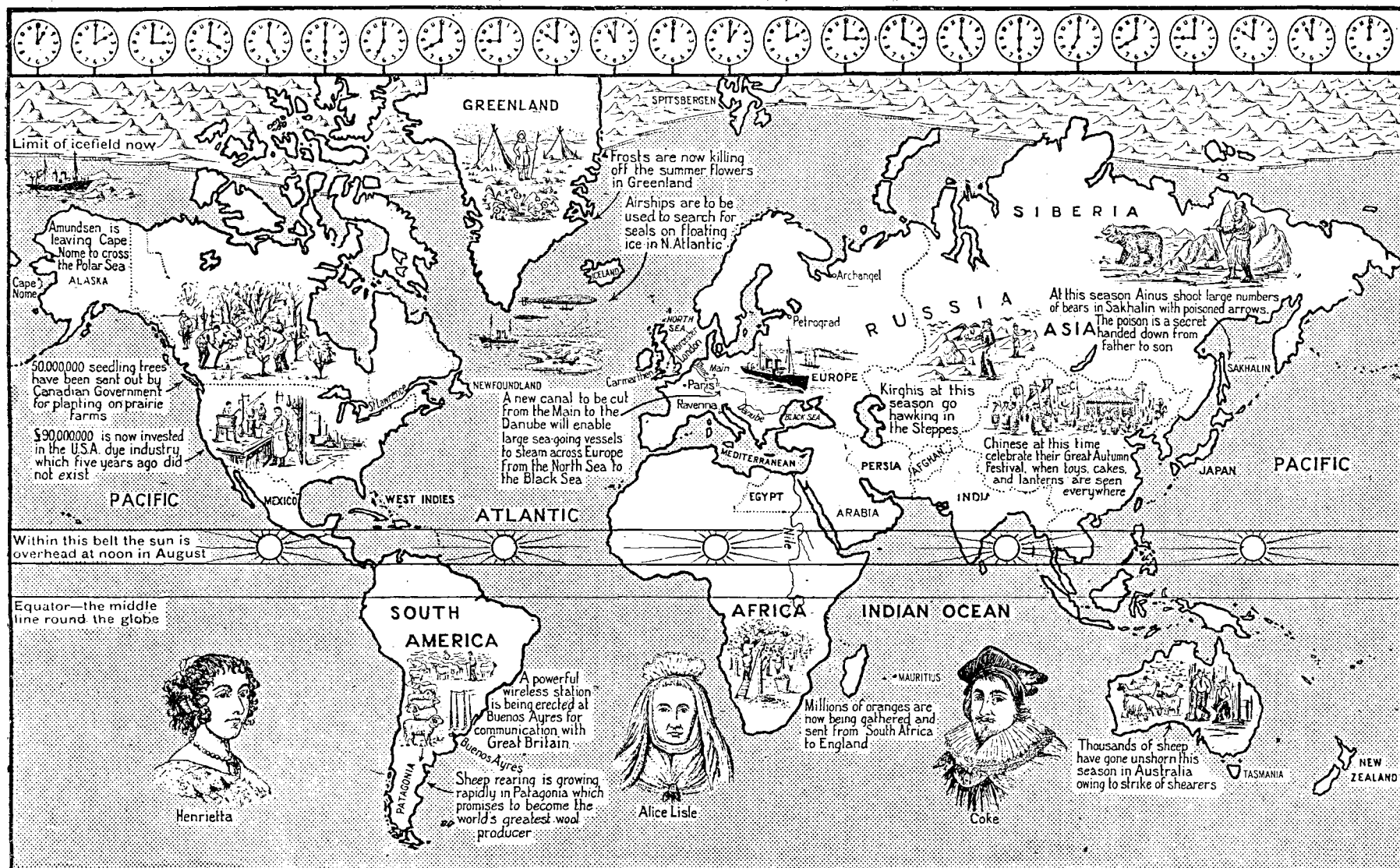
SIR EDWARD COKE was one of the greatest lawyers and judges of England; but, like Bacon, had a strangely mixed character and reputation.

He was the popular advocate of the time of Shakespeare. Everyone sought to employ him, and he became rich. As a lawyer in court he was an abusive bully, and will for ever bear a blotched name because of the brutal manner in which he hounded Sir Walter Raleigh to his death.

Yet as a judge Coke was fearless in upholding the law, even though it was a king who tried to break it; and as a Member of Parliament he firmly opposed all attempts at tyranny by the Stuarts.

Late in life Coke became a reporter of law cases for study by lawyers and a commentator on the early laws of England, and his work in that department still has a high value.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SEAPLANE'S GREAT DIVE Flying Above the Alps

Climbing the Alps is a favourite pastime of thousands of visitors, but another method of viewing their massive grandeur has now become popular. Aeroplane trips will save the exertion of climbing and give a much more comprehensive view.

While a seaplane from Lake Geneva, carrying two passengers and a pilot, was flying among the Alps not long ago, the engine began to misfire owing to becoming overheated.

A few thousand feet below the pilot could see a lake, itself 6000 feet above sea level, set like a jewel among the mountains, and he decided to alight there and take in water for his overheated engine. It was a perilous descent, particularly as on one side there was a cliff towering 2300 feet above the surface of the lake, but the descent was made in safety.

Having reached the lake, however, the pilot realised that he would not be able to rise again, as the lake was too small and was entirely hemmed in by the mountains; and so the seaplane had to be abandoned. It will have to be brought down the mountain in pieces.

PONZI CHECKMATED Post Offices Take Action

Ponzi, the Italian waiter who has enriched himself in the United States by dealing in International Reply Coupons, has been checkmated. He has also been arrested, and it is said that the authorities have found some way of charging him with fraud.

The different countries using Reply Coupons for postage have agreed that the coupons shall not be redeemed at a fixed rate for all countries, but that the value of money in each State shall be taken into account, so that a profit cannot be made out of their exchange.

Though this action by the different countries whose business arrangements have been used to enrich Ponzi will stop his ingenious plans, his craft will no doubt be exercised in other directions.

A BOY WONDER Little Pole and the Chessmen

The latest child-wonder is a Polish lad of eight, with the strange-looking name of Samuel Rzeschewski, who can beat grown-up people at chess with the greatest ease.

He has been playing in London against 20 men sitting at 20 boards. The 20 men pored steadily over their boards studying moves, while Samuel walked round and made his moves swiftly as he passed each board.

In the end he beat 18 of the men, and with the other two played drawn games. Already Samuel is an excellent player, and, if he goes on improving, may one day be champion of the world, possibly before he is out of his teens.

As he strolls round from board to board, making his moves with scarcely any hesitation, he whistles quietly to himself as if what he was doing was a mere nothing. But it is what no boy of eight has ever done before. *Portrait on page 12*

DUTY FIRST

While an express was approaching Colchester a steam pipe burst and badly scalded Driver Fisher and Fireman Smith, who pluckily kept to their posts and brought the train safely to a standstill, when they were removed to hospital to have their injuries dressed.

LAST MONTH'S WEATHER

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 130.7	London . . . ins. 4.06
Hours of rain . . . 74.4	Torquay . . . ins. 3.35
Wet days . . . 16	Cardiff . . . ins. 5.92
Dry days . . . 15	Edinburgh . . . ins. 3.86
Warmest day . . . 17th	Fort William ins. 6.20
Coldest day . . . 27th	Dublin . . . ins. 5.12

Pronunciations in this Paper

Lisle	Lile
Theodoric	The-o-dor-ik
Amphion	Am-fee-on
Kelvedon	Kelv-don
Iresine	Eye-res-ee-n
Coleus	Ko-lee-us
Messier	Mess-ee-ay
Rzeschewski	Rez-chef-ske

A HUMAN CHAIN Maintaining the Water Supply

The bathing season is now at its height. Many people, in their eagerness to avail themselves of as much sea-bathing as possible during their holidays, enter the water when it is too rough for any but good swimmers, and often they find themselves in difficulties, with no other swimmers near. On many such occasions rescues have been made by several people joining hands and forming a chain which reaches out to the unfortunate bather.

Another use for the human chain has just come into the news.

Recently the water supply failed in North Wales, and the lady students at a summer school at Bangor were without water. Their college was 400 yards away from the Menai Straits, and the 200 students formed a connecting chain, along which were passed from hand to hand buckets containing water sufficient for all cleaning purposes.

LITTLE DUTCH FRIENDS A Use for Old C.N.s

Dr. Lewis E. Hertslet, medical officer of the orphanage at Florida, Transvaal, writes asking for copies of the Children's Newspaper for the orphans there.

"There are 560 children in the school," he writes, "mostly Dutch, but they can read English. They see, hear, and know little of the outside world, and the C.N. provides a liberal education in that line."

We are sure that if any of our readers feel inclined to send on their copies of the C.N. to Dr. Hertslet he will use them well in the interest of the League of Nations we are building up to save the world. They should be addressed to Box 18, Florida, Transvaal.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

An Australian ram	£3780
A shorthorn cow	£315
Prince Charles Edward's wine-glass	£190
A cottage and garden in Essex	£45

ASLEEP WITH A VIPER Girl's Remarkable Courage AND A MOTHER'S FINE IDEA

A girl in the south of France has had one of the most thrilling snake experiences ever recorded.

Waking up from sleep in the garden, she found a viper nestling on her blouse, gently brushing her face with its tail.

What was she to do? The action of the viper is swift and deadly if it is disturbed and feels itself threatened; but it does not become dangerous of its own accord.

Knowing this the girl lay still, though terrified almost into insensibility. Then her mother, coming to look for her, saw her danger in a moment, and, signing to her to keep still, rushed into the house and brought back a bowl of warm milk, which she placed near the snake.

When the reptile perceived the milk it glided away towards it, and the girl sprang clear away as a blow ended the viper's power to do mischief.

It is not easy to say which deserves most praise, the girl's cool self-restraint or the mother's quick resource.

BARGE BOY'S GREAT CAREER

Good Character & Good Fortune

The M.P. for Ilford, Sir Peter Griggs, has died recently, a wealthy man and a great builder of what England wants more than anything else—houses. He began life as a barge boy on the Thames.

By industry and saving he managed to buy a barge of his own, and worked it on the river till he saw a better chance of making money by building houses of the size people wanted, and building them just where they were wanted.

He came into public life by way of local councillorships, and then, when he had won the confidence of the people, passed on into Parliament.

Sir Peter won his way by strength of will and self-command, and left behind, as if written large, the advice that things done by yourself are best done.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 28 1920

The Gentleman

France has adopted the English word Gentleman as its own, and the French are asking—What is a gentleman?

AND so are many English people, too. What, indeed, is a gentleman? Shall we not adopt the answer of that fine old writer Steele, who said the name of Gentleman was never to be fixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them?

A gentleman is the standard-bearer of the human race. His conduct rebukes all that is bad in us and calls out what is good in us.

No man can be a gentleman who has not courage and courtesy, and the hardest of these is the first. A man may be very virtuous and very gentle, and have every gracious quality, yet lack courage; and lacking courage he lacks that which is essential to the gentleman.

For a gentleman must have the finest courage in the world, the courage which makes him not only master in the temple of his own body, but able to withstand every assault upon his principles. He must fear neither the abuse of his enemies nor the mockery of so-called friends. He must be able to keep his own way even if it leads to the stake.

No man who is truly a gentleman will call himself such. A gentleman is one who is so-called by the best of those who know him best, and whose life is felt in other lives like the sound of a trumpet or the whisper of God.

One of the finest things in the English language is Thackeray's castigation of George the Fourth:

"He the first gentleman of Europe! There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired George."

Thackeray shows us this man as he truly was, a glutton, a drunkard, a gambler, a cruel father, and then turns to the true gentleman, "who makes our heart beat when we hear his name."

He takes Robert Southey, an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of noble labour, day by day storing up knowledge, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen, refusing to turn aside for popular praise or princes' favour.

George the Fourth was at all points the contradiction of a gentleman. The world is better than it was, for no one now admires that boor, or could think of admiring him; but the world must be better still. We cannot rest till every man can be called a gentleman, gently following after "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Minister for the Jamboree

SOMEbody asks us if it is true that the War Office refused to help the Jamboree, and it does seem to be really true that, although a promise had been given for the loan of some tents, the War Office refused to let them go because the Scouts carry poles instead of guns—or, in other words, because the Scouts belong to Peace instead of War, and are not a military body.

For an office which sent sand out to Egypt and timber to Siberia that seems to us a natural point of view, but we should like to see a million pounds a year taken from the War Office to keep the Jamboree going in every great city of the British Empire; and we should like to see the War Office pensioned off and General Baden-Powell made Minister for the Jamboree.



The Dangers About Us

LIFE is a very curious thing, full of odd happenings.

It was only the other day that a bandsman drew a live wasp through his instrument and stung his mouth; now a boy has drawn poison through a pea-shooter made of hemlock.

There may be danger in the most unthought-of places, and it behoves us all to be as wise as Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

It is Coming

THE Millennium is coming, after all. A railway porter has refused a tip.

Our Japanese Friend

IT is always pleasant to make a good impression, and we like to read of the good impression England has made on the Japanese Ambassador, who is to leave us after four years here.

These four years, Viscount Chinda says, have taught him to appreciate the greatness of the British nation:

Tried by the severest of tests, the nation had demonstrated itself to be sound to the core and equal to every emergency. He had observed it indomitable even in adversity, sober in time of victory, and wise in the work of reconstruction.

In his career he had been transferred from one Court to another, but he did not remember ever having left his post with so great an enthusiasm and admiration for the nation he left behind as on this occasion.

It is good to know we shall have so great a friend far away in Japan.

Otterburn

OUR compliments to Scotland, the gallant land at the north of England of which so many people have heard.

We spoke the other day of the Battle of Otterburn as a victory for the English, and many Scottish correspondents write to say that Scotland won. We have looked it up again, and nobody seems quite sure who really won at Otterburn; it is one of the queer things about wars that you are never quite sure who really wins.

But we gladly give way. Our Scottish friends have Bannockburn, and we gladly give them Otterburn to keep it company. They can have all the wars that ever were; we have had enough.

Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT reminds us that it is grouse time. We can't remember when it wasn't.

A DROP in the ocean: A dive off the pier.

IF the Wets in America were right about whisky a few millions of them should have been dead by this time for want of it.

IT is curious that governments do not do better. They get plenty of advice from the papers.

REAL London policemen are badly wanted by film producers. They are not the only people short of coppers.

A CRICKET match has been played at Basingstoke for six dozen eggs. The winners also saved their bacon.

PADEREWSKI describes Germany as Russia's natural ally. Rather a blind alley—eh, what?

THE Premier says the House of Commons does its best according to its lights. Mostly twilights.

The Navies

SOMEbody has been saying that English people view with alarm the increase in the American and Japanese navies. So, no doubt, do the American and Japanese taxpayers.

Along the Road

I WALKED a mile with Pleasure.

She chatted all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I WALKED a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;

But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

ROBERT HAMILTON

Poems of Peter Puck

Unreasonable People

I KEEP on hearing folks complain

In summer-time of snow and rain,
As if such things were merely spiteful

Instead of, as I think, delightful:
A summer day of hail or snow
Makes all my pulses leap and glow.

I should, indeed, be quite dejected
If life were not so unexpected.

I KEEP on reading in the Press
That England's in a dreadful mess,

As if that state deserved abusing
Instead of being most amusing:
An England going to the dogs
My sense of humour always jogs.
I'd rather be a dinosaur
Than have no crisis hanging o'er us.

O DEAR, why is it folks delight
When everything goes smooth and right?

As if such dullness were a blessing
Instead of, as I think, depressing:
A life where everything goes wrong

To me is like a comic song.
I should, indeed, expire of tedium
If life maintained a happy medium.

Michael Smith: His Mark

By Our Country Girl at Home

IN a walk through one of the Yorkshire dales I came across a tiny hamlet lying so modestly in the fold of the hills that it was wholly invisible until one entered it.

Struck by its beauty and modesty, I was looking at the trim gardens in front of the little grey houses, admiring their quiet loveliness and envying their tranquillity, when a stone in one of the houses caught my eye and arrested my steps.

On this stone, which was let into the cottage wall just above a very small window, these words appeared, carved in antique letters of a generation long vanished from the earth:

MICHAEL SMITH
MECHANICK

But He Who Made All Things is God

At first I smiled, thinking of Michael Smith's pride in his building, and of his daring in the comparison of this little building with the great work of creation. But presently a deeper thought came to me from this stone.

Is there not something of Humanity's whole history in Michael Smith? We are set in the midst of inconceivable majesty and power; we are surrounded by terrific forces; our very feet are planted on the havoc wrought by volcano and glacier; and in the midst of all this glory and terror we build our little selves into Earth's dateless history, and think that our great cathedrals and palaces are wonderful and eternal, until we look up at the stars and say to ourselves, *But He who made all things is God.*

To think of "all things" is to bow the knee and to cry "Father" from the depths of the human heart. That human heart, what is it but a little cottage on the hills of Eternity?



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If bad fielding is
a catching complaint

IF PRICES WENT DOWN

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WITH A SUDDEN FALL?

Disaster that Might Overtake the World

CHANGE MUST COME STEADILY

The rapid rise in the price of everything since 1914 has had the most far-reaching effects and has completely revolutionised our social life.

Some who could demand higher wages or make increased profits because of the larger sums turned over in their business have become rich, while others, formerly well off with fixed incomes which they could not increase, have become poor.

This rise in prices is so serious, and the end is so difficult to foresee, that all kinds of people are trying frantically to reduce the prices of goods. Parliaments, trade unions, consumers' leagues, independent persons, are all working to the same end, and the mass of people is looking wistfully to the time when such reduction may come.

Cheapness and Scarcity

Yet if prices were to fall suddenly, if by an Act of Parliament or the wave of a wizard's wand we could find tomorrow when we wake up that the prices of goods were down to their pre-war level, nothing but disaster would follow.

Following in the wake of this sudden reduction of prices would come scarcity and want and starvation and anger and revolution; and though we are all now striving for a reduction, we should wish that it had never come.

The whole of our modern life is based on values, and these cannot be changed suddenly with impunity. Though the rise in prices came comparatively rapidly, it did not come all at once, and to go back suddenly to pre-war values would mean ruin.

Shops Cleared of Stocks

Think what would happen if when you woke up tomorrow morning prices were as in 1914, though wages and pocket money remained at their present level.

People would have plenty of money, and boys and girls, finding that a penny would purchase four ounces instead of half an ounce of sweets, would rush off to the sweetstuff shops, and soon these stores would be cleared of stocks. Grown-ups would buy jam and sardines and cakes and furniture and clothes and books in the same way, and before many hours had passed the stocks of everything worth having would be exhausted, for things, being cheap, would be bought up very rapidly.

No Work and No Wages

And now chaos would begin. Shops could not replenish their stocks, for with wages so high and selling prices so low manufacturers would be unable to make goods at a profit, and would therefore close down their works. There would be no work and no wages; and when we wanted them there would be no boots or clothes or sweets or loaves, and we should soon all be starving. Obviously no one would produce boots to sell at half a guinea a pair, and suits of clothes at two guineas, and loaves at fivepence a quarter, when they would not only make no profit but would incur a loss by doing so.

When crowds of people get hungry they get angry, and soon rioting and revolution would stalk through all lands.

Wealth is not money. Five hundred sovereigns are useless to Robinson Crusoe on his island. A pair of boots or a loaf of bread is worth thousands of sovereigns to him. And so money today is worth nothing in itself. It is only of value as it represents useful articles, and if there were no goods being made money would lose its value.

Things are dear or cheap according to their relation to the stock of gold and silver, or whatever else is being used as money for the time being. When, in

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Jamaican Boy Scouts have left their crocodile mascot at the Zoo.

An old lady of Kelvedon, in Essex, aged 102, can still read the C.N. without the aid of glasses.

More Telephone Calls than Letters

In the United States there are thirty million telephone calls a day, a greater total than the number of letters.

A Costly Cigarette

Hundreds of acres of fir trees have been destroyed around Marseilles by a fire started by a cigarette end thrown among the dry grass.

A Very Rich Family

Sir Henry Lunn says he knows a Wesleyan family so rich that the interest on its wealth would pay £500 a year for ever to all the Wesleyan ministers.

The making of candy is now the sixth largest industry in the United States.

Two farm horses in Schleswig have been suffocated by a swarm of bees settling on their noses.

Missing

The number of men whose fate in the war is unknown, but who are now legally supposed to have died, is 99,868.

The Parrot's Egg

A parrot, after living 36 years at Romford, has laid an egg, which, however, on being accidentally broken, was found to contain no yolk.

The Census

Next year is census year in the United Kingdom, and it is expected to cost £500,000. The last one, taken before the war, cost £237,000.

FIRST BOY SCOUTS OF THE AIR



The boys in the cockpit of their aeroplane



Fixing the propeller to the machine

The Boy Scouts of Hampton, in Middlesex, have an air section, and have made such good progress in the theory of flying that they have just been presented with a real aeroplane. As soon as they are proficient they will fly, the first Scouts of the Air

Continued from the previous column

the 16th century, the discovery of America led to the world's stock of gold and silver being multiplied by five, the prices of goods rose rapidly everywhere because the manufacturers of goods could not keep pace, and so £5 had to represent the same amount of goods as £1 had formerly done. There was more money about, but things were much dearer, just as it is the case today.

When, in the first half of the 19th century, South America was the scene of revolution and disorder, and the supply of gold and silver fell off, prices everywhere went down. Then, with the discovery of more gold in California and Australia in the middle of the century, prices again went up.

Of course, other circumstances also affect the prices of articles, but this relation of money to goods which are real wealth is the principal concern. The multiplication of paper money which has

taken place as a result of the war makes things dearer, and this is particularly evident in Russia, where, though a working man's wages are thousands of pounds a year, paid in paper notes, he can buy less food and clothing and other things with all his money than the English working man can do with his £200 a year.

That is why we may all rejoice at the Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent announcement that the amount of notes in circulation is being reduced. Paper money and high prices are generally closely connected, for paper money is so easily multiplied by governments in financial difficulties, and then the balance of values is upset. As one authority says: "The ordinary business of society proceeds on the assumption that the purchasing power of money continues unchanged, and on such an assumption alone can permanence be given to social arrangements."

PATAGONIA GROWING RICH LIKE A NEW AUSTRALIA

The Millions of Sheep on the Boundless Prairies

A SLANDERED COUNTRY GOOD TO LIVE IN

Would you like to live in Patagonia? Up to not long ago, if we wanted to mention the most outlandish and inhospitable place in the world, we used to name Patagonia. But this country has been sadly libelled. So far from being poor and unattractive and unproductive, it is in the way of becoming the richest sheep-rearing country in the whole world.

Darwin spoke of its desert plains with wiry grass and lack of life, animal and vegetable, and this, together with the name Port Famine, given to one of the principal Spanish settlements in the 16th century, has conveyed an idea of poverty and misery which has stuck to the country since.

It appears now that, instead of being a poor country incapable of supporting any useful life, Patagonia is really an ideal land for sheep-rearing, and is likely to become one of the world's greatest wool-producing countries.

Large Sheep Farms

The land is covered with the best kinds of grasses for sheep, and is now divided up into thousands of prosperous sheep farms, all run on the most up-to-date lines, with the latest shearing machinery, hydraulic wool presses, and concrete tanks for dipping the sheep as a precaution against disease. Numerous farms have as many as 150,000 sheep each, and we may be wearing clothes made from wool grown in this remote country.

The climate of Patagonia is said to be the best in the world for sheep-rearing, the cool but genial spring and summer being followed by a healthy, dry winter, with sufficient snowfall to assist the growth of grass and provide adequate water supplies for the following summer.

Motor-Cars on the Prairie

The farmers in this supposedly wild country live in comfort, and even in luxury. They have motor-cars, and the country is being provided with good roads, making travelling easy.

Excellent breeds of sheep have been introduced from Australia, and it is interesting to note that this country, which was at one time connected with Australia and had the same kind of animal life, is again becoming remarkably like Australia by the rearing of millions of sheep on its wide and rolling grassy plains.

The name Patagonia, which means big feet, was given by Magellan and his men when they landed there in 1520 because they saw very large footprints made by the natives, whose feet, however, were not unduly large, but were covered by big skin shoes. See World Map

QUICK WORK

Motto of the Birds

Several correspondents have sent us observations of the rapidity with which birds build nests and begin to lay in them. A Middlesbrough reader gives two instances.

I was getting some steps out of an open shed a few weeks ago when down fell a birch broom, and with it a blackbird's nest with two eggs that were broken by the fall. The nest must have been built in less than a week, for the broom was in use the week before.

Lately a bricklayer had to fill in a hole in a wall. There he found a sparrow's nest with two eggs in it. The time between the choosing of the nesting-place and the laying of the eggs was not more than eight or nine days.

CAT AMONG THE RATS

Are Animals Born with Fear?

HOW THE SIGHT OF A CAR "FROZE" A PONY

From a Professor's Chair

A very interesting question is whether one animal may have an inborn fear of another. You may argue about this all day, and not be any "forrarder." The only way to answer the question is the scientific way: Look and see.

This has been done by Dr. Coleman Griffith, of the Psychological Laboratory of the University of Illinois. He introduced a cat among young and inexperienced white rats. One male was exploring the top of a nest-box when the cat, which was not hostile, was introduced. He immediately "froze," and hung for 22 minutes, one toe after another slipping loose, until finally he dropped to the floor and remained on his back and side. Full recovery took about an hour.

What is certain is that the inexperienced rat ceases from its ordinary behaviour and becomes almost as if it were paralysed. Whether this corresponds to what man calls fear is another question, and we cannot get at the rat's inner life. The curious stiffness may be accompanied by a quickening of the heart-beat and the breathing movements; the rat behaves as we sometimes do when afraid. It is not very often that man is paralysed with fear, but we have seen a Highland pony so stiffened by the approach of a motor-car that it had to be lifted off the road as if it were frozen.

When the Rat Awakes

The cats, which were keen on mice, were not interested in the white rats. Only the youngest spat and struck when a rat was pushed too near her. But from a very early age—three weeks old—the rats were intensely aware of the cats; and a notable fact was made clear, that it is the smell of the cat that excites them. The behaviour is not learned; it is constitutional. It seems to be inborn or instinctive. It may not be what we call fear, but the bodily states the rats show are suggestive of fear.

Very striking is the arousing of the rats from sleep by the mere proximity of the cat. Forty-one seconds after a cat had been placed on a cage of sleeping rats unrest began. The first hint of it was the opening of the eyes and the raising of the nostrils, as if the rats were going to explore. But there is never any exploration when a cat is near, or when her smell is near. In two minutes the rats were huddled in a corner of the cage, and one was whimpering. In a few seconds the rats in an adjoining cage were behaving in the same way. All this shows that things of importance get registered in the constitution of animals.

BIRD FOLLOWS ITS NEST

No Place Like Home

The following instance of the kindness of a lapwing, and the appreciation of it by a mother lapwing, is reported by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

At Hayton Manor Farm in Kent a lapwing's nest was found in a mangold field. In it were two eggs.

The farmhand who found it moved it to another spot, but the bird returned and laid two more eggs, and then began to sit.

But the field had to be harrowed and drilled. As the work was being done the nest was moved eight times, but the mother bird did not desert it. Each time she followed it, and finally hatched out four lively little lapwings.

BLIND SCHOLAR'S FEAT

A Triumph of Will Power

SPLENDID STORY FROM LONDON UNIVERSITY

A blind nineteen-year-old Shoreditch girl, Sadie Isaacs, has passed the matriculation examination of London University by writing her answers to the questions in the Braille alphabet for the blind, and she is the first who has ever succeeded in doing so.



Sadie Isaacs

One can imagine a blind scholar dictating answers to someone who is not blind, but to tackle the papers alone, and write by feeling, is a task that might well have appalled the most resolute spirit. Miss Isaacs' matriculation success has followed many distinctions at the Central Foundation School in London, where she did remarkably well, though she has been blind ever since she was eight.

The greatest difficulty was in answering the mathematical paper, as figures or diagrams outside the Braille system had to be used. Thus, for Euclid, pins had to be used to represent angles, and rubber bands placed round them to represent lines. In consequence of this difficulty half-an-hour extra was allowed for the mathematical sitting.

No doubt the answers were read to the examiners by a Braille expert.

Few more striking instances of triumph over difficulties can ever have been achieved than this wonderful escape from the hampering restrictions of total blindness.

FAMOUS EUROPEAN Living in His Stable

People in the British Islands do not realise how strangely topsy-turvy life has become in places where revolution has upset ordinary life. Here is an instance worth thinking over.

A well-known English journalist, visiting Munich, sought out a friend of his, a famous professor in the university. He found him living in his own stable.

He had a house of his own, but it had been taken by the city authorities in the name of Socialism, and divided up between other people, while its owner, Professor Brentano, a man distinguished throughout Europe as a thinker and writer, and 76 years of age, was finding a shelter in his stable.

And this is what is being done in the name of humanity and justice!

SANCTUARY

Bad Old Custom that has Gone

A London magistrate, speaking to a man brought up for sleeping while drunk in a church porch, said: "I suppose you thought you had found sanctuary. In the old days you would have been safe, but the police have more power now."

It was a very ancient custom to have places to which wrongdoers could flee and find temporary safety. The Jews had their cities of refuge, and in Greece were sacred temples where the life of a fugitive was spared.

In England churches were places of safety for a while, especially some, where a special seat close to the altar was provided; and there a criminal could find a resting-place beyond reach of the pursuer.

Sanctuary was abolished in England in the reign of James I., but for the next seventy or eighty years it was popularly supposed that churches in certain parts of London, such as Whitefriars and Whitehall, could give protection, and the idea was not uprooted until laws had been made distinctly denying that sanctuary continued to exist.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

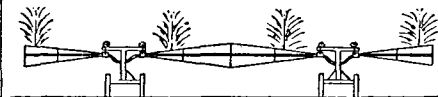
Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented and the Editor has no further information

CONVENIENT LAWN-SPRAYERS

These sprayers are in sections and on wheels, and can be extended in any direction, so that large lawns can be



watered rapidly. The ends of the various pipes are joined by flexible hose.

SIMPLE FASTENINGS FOR DRESSES

Cross-shaped pieces of metal are fitted with hooks to slip into eyelet-holes. These pieces are quite detachable, and, while the garment is kept fastened, the hooks do not have to be sewn on. Being simpler in form, they would probably cost less to make than ordinary hooks.



A SOCK THAT WON'T RUCK

A loose sock for a boot with a toe-cap to keep it in position on the foot without the possibility of rucking up, as is so usual with the ordinary sock inside a boot or shoe.



AN ELABORATE FLY-TRAP

Flies settle on the top of a flat-sided roller, A, covered with treacle. They fall, or are scraped, into a compartment, and crawl through a funnel-shaped opening into a cage, which can be removed for killing them. Guards on each side of the roller prevent the flies escaping.



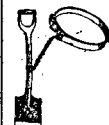
A FLOWER-POT STAND

This raises the pot above the saucer or tray on which it stands, and can be either attached to the saucer or left quite separate from it, so as to be easily removable. By this arrangement the pot is kept out of the water lying in the saucer.



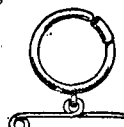
SPADE FOR A ONE-ARMED MAN

A belt or shoulder-strap has a chain with a hook and attachment for fitting to a spade, and this enables a one-armed man to use the spade. The chain takes the place of the hand that holds the stock of the spade, and the top of the spade is guided by the remaining hand.



A CURTAIN RING THAT OPENS

A ring with a sliding sleeve that can be opened and fitted over a curtain pole while the pole is up in position, thereby saving the inconvenience and trouble that are involved in removing a pole to put a ring on or take it off.



A COMB FOR HAIR DRYING

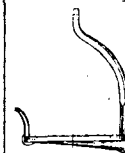
A comb for drying and curling the hair. The back is hollow and receives a



heating bar which warms the apparatus.

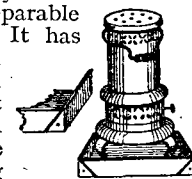
A NON-CATCH STIRRUP

A stirrup with one side open so that, while it can be used in the same way as the ordinary stirrup, and is as readily found by the foot, it could never hold the foot and drag the rider in the event of his being thrown by the horse. He could free his foot at once.



A TRAY FOR OIL STOVES

This is a metal tray to catch the oil drippings that are inseparable from an oil stove. It has flanged and riveted angles, as shown, and these are so made that the vessel is not at all leaky. By this simple method of forming the angles the tray can be manufactured at a comparatively low cost.



TWO GOOD THINGS

Dartmoor Prison and Its Future

A MILESTONE ON THE PATH OF PROGRESS

The announcement that the Dartmoor convict prison is to be given up as a place of confinement for "lifers," and is to be used as the headquarters of the Borstal treatment for young offenders, will lighten the hearts of everyone who has passed by that grim, grey, depressing scene, and has watched the gangs of convicts at work guarded by sentinels.

That we can give up one of the principal prisons for old and dangerous offenders is an encouraging fact. It suggests that serious crime is lessening. That the place is to be used for preventing young offenders from becoming old offenders suggests that crime is being much more intelligently grappled with than was attempted in the past.

The aim of the Borstal System is to show youths who have made a bad start that it is a bad start, and, at the same time, to put them in the way of making a better start by giving them a trade that will earn an honest living.

Where the Borstal System is successful it cuts off the supply of recruits to the criminal class, and adds a new supply to honest and helpful industry, thus doing two good things at once.

THE BARNACLES FROM MEXICO

Landed by a C.N. Reader

A PRIZE FOR A BEACH LOUNGER

We gladly give this interesting letter concerning the fragment of wood given up by the sea. It is written from London by Mr. W. G. Betts.

"I really must write to tell you how doubly interesting my C.N. is this week, for I was the man who landed the piece of wood with the barnacle passengers from the Gulf of Mexico; and I had quite forgotten it until reading your interesting article.

"It was one day at Sandown that a young friend drew attention to an unusual flotsam in the surf in front of the room we were sitting in, and I crossed over to the beach and pulled it ashore. Being a wet afternoon few people were about, but the ubiquitous beach-lounger arrived, and after a discreet conversation shouldered the speculative prize.

"He was a bit of a naturalist, as he told me it came from warmer seas. I remember it was exhibited for some days to a small holiday crowd, some of whom responded to the silent appeal of an old hand-bowl placed in proximity.

"May I add that after thirty years' hard work I am taking a long holiday in the South Seas, and a middle-aged man has to confess that one of his few regrets is that at Tahiti he will not get his C.N."

Mr. Betts may be quite happy. He will find the C.N. at Tahiti—if he gets to the shop before the other boys.

POINTS FOR WIRELESS BOYS

Post Office Regulations

Amateurs under 21 cannot apply to the Postmaster-General for a permit to instal a wireless receiving station; they must apply through parent or guardian.

If they wish to send messages as well as receive them, they must satisfy the Postmaster-General, by examination, if necessary—for which a fee of 5s. is charged—that they can both send and receive twelve words a minute in Morse.

When applying for permission they must send a sketch of the apparatus they want to use, showing how it is connected up, and a remittance of ten shillings. An annual charge of a pound is to be made in addition.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Chaffinch Sings Again
ANTS ON THE WING

By Our Country Correspondent

August 29. Swarms of wood ants may now be seen on the wing, and very soon the male insects will perish, while the female, which have the curious habit of snapping off their wings before beginning their domestic duties, will return to their old nests or found new colonies. If at any time you uncover an ant hill and watch the little creatures at work, you will see one of the most interesting sights to be witnessed in British wild life.

August 30. The oblong, orange-red fruits of the barberry are now ripe, and will make an excellent preserve. Farmers, however, look on the barberry as a foe, and generally root out the shrub because a fungus which lives part of its life on the leaves is the cause of the rust disease in wheat.

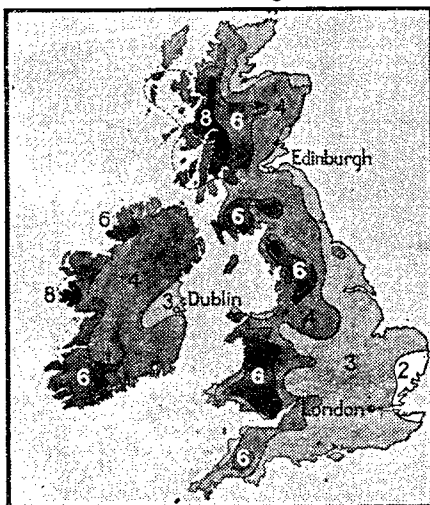
August 31. Many new funguses are to be found as the autumn advances, and an interesting one just appearing is the wood woollyfoot, which gets its name from the fluffy, or shaggy, appearance of the lower stem. The top is a dull amber in colour, and is about two inches in diameter.

September 1. Both the clouded yellow and the pale clouded yellow butterflies are now to be seen flying in clover fields. The first named is a much richer yellow than the other, and the black margins are much broader and more distinct.

September 2. It is pleasant to hear the bright and cheerful song of the chaffinch once again in the well-wooded districts which it favours. When feeding on the ground this bird both hops and runs.

September 3. The bright and attractive scarlet berries of the wild arum, known as "lords and ladies," should be avoided, as they are a powerful poison. In Queen Elizabeth's time the plant was called starchwort because from its roots starch was obtained to stiffen the ruffles and frills which were then the fashion.

September 4. Although the year is drawing towards its close there is still a wealth of wild flowers in the countryside, and among those which may be specially looked for now are the meadow saffron, the soapwort, and the orpine.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.
The Rain of August

This map shows the average rainfall in inches for different areas during the month of August

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Take up the main crop of onions when ripe, and spread in the sun on dry ground or gravel till dry for housing. Plant out successions of green curled and Batavian endive, and tie up for blanching all sufficiently advanced.

Lawns need constant attention, for the grass grows apace. Flower-beds should have dead flowers removed.

Push forward the propagation of all plants for bedding, such as heliotropes, coleus, iresine, and ageratums.

SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

Shown in Its Books

MARY GILMORE AND HER POEMS

An Australian journalist has been giving an interesting talk to teachers about Australian literature.

He spoke of the free, open life of the happy dwellers in the young Commonwealth, the spirit of self-reliance which it fostered, the hardships of the early pioneers, their courage, their endurance, and came to the conclusion that the qualities so developed are reflected in the work of Australian writers, and that there is already in existence a distinctive Australian literature.

Adam Lindsay Gordon is probably the best known Australian poet; but then he was an Englishman! No one else has described the bush with so sure, so exquisite, a touch as he, with a deeper understanding of its charm, its terror, and its beauty.

Australia's Pride

The horrors of war had not touched Australia when he wrote, but today nearly 80,000 of her sons lie dead in foreign graves; and so now we find a note of sadness in Australian poetry that we did not find before. But there is nothing of despondency in it—only a fierce, abiding pride in the sacrifices Australia's sons have made, and a deep belief in the young nation's own proud destiny.

This is the note on which Mary Gilmore opens in her new book of verses, "The Passionate Heart."

Spring comes and they are not here,
The summer calls and they are sped;
But shall the song be made of them
And the long tale in the evening told;
And Memory plait them a diadem,
And their deeds grow never old.

When she is able to shake herself free of war's sad memories, she can give us this exquisite, cameo-like picture.

The moon came dancing down the sky,
All in her silver shoon;
The dewdrops held her a looking-glass,
And the fairies piped her a tune.

And, oh, the star-dust under her feet
Flashed, and sparkled, and flew,
As she danced as light as a fairy might
On the tip of her dainty shoe.

This is only one of the many good things in her book.

There is a spirited poem on Sydney, strangely stirring to an exile from that lovely gem of the Pacific.

Oh, Sydney Town is my town;
And I would have you know
You'll never see such another,
Wherever your feet may go.

This little book is full of charm and promise. In M. Forrest and Dorothea Mackellar Australia has two women writers of high attainments, and Mary Gilmore is worthy to rank with them both. She has the same burning love for her country, the same faith in its destiny, and we shall look forward with keen pleasure to her future work.

PENNY IN THE BUCKET

How Jack Got It Out

Bearing on the question "Do dogs think things out?" a Devonshire reader sends this account of a dog's action, which seems to show that some dogs do.

Jack is a rough-haired terrier with a strange liking for money. If you throw a coin he will find it and bring it.

One day a penny was put in a bucket of water and Jack was told to get it. He put his head in the bucket, but could not get the penny. Then he spluttered and barked and ran round and round till, at last, in his excitement he tipped the bucket over accidentally, and then picked up the penny.

Another day a penny was again put in a bucket of water, and Jack was told to fetch it. This time he did not put his head in the water at all, but pushed the bucket over, and got the penny.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Can a Worm See?

It is sensitive to light; that is all we can say. It has no eyes, and therefore cannot see in the ordinary sense of the term.

How Does a Spider Get From a Table to the Wall?

It fastens a strand of web to the table, drops down, runs across the floor, paying out web all the time; climbs the wall, hauls in the slack web, fastens it to the wall, and walks across its bridge.

Why Do Fish Not Bite in Thunder?

Thunder upsets all animals. Fish may be frightened off their food by hearing the thunder, or feeling the vibrations it causes in the water.

Why Is the Chaffinch Called a Weather Prophet?

We are not aware of any special tradition associating the chaffinch and the weather. All birds are to some extent "weatherwise," as we say. They feel conditions indicating change sooner than we do.

How Long Does a Whale Live?

It is believed that 500 years is not too long a period, perhaps even longer. It is possible that whales live today which swam the seas in company with the ships of Drake, and even Columbus.

Do Earthworms Lay Eggs?

Earthworms lay eggs in cocoons, several eggs to each cocoon, and these little capsules of life-to-be are deposited at various depths in the soil, or even on the surface.

Can Any Creature Live Without Light?

The proteus does. So do certain blind fish, blind insects, spiders, and shell-covered creatures. Darkness is harmful to them, as the absence of sight from their eyes proves. But the question is complicated by exceptions, for among blind kinds are species that have eyes in the dark.

Do Glow Worms Fly?

The males fly, but the females are wingless and dwell among grasses. They light their lamps at night to signal their whereabouts to their lady-loves.

What is the Greenbottle Fly?

A fly whose larvae are maggots that do great damage to English sheep. The animal, tortured by the devouring larvae, becomes fatally ill, seeks water, dies in, or near, a stream, and so pollutes a drinking supply for human beings.

How do Horses Find Their Way at Night?

They can see better in the dark than a man who is accustomed to artificial light. When a driver loses his way and trusts to the horse, the animal goes slowly and is able to see familiar landmarks which darkness renders invisible to its owner.

Do Animals Feel Emotion?

Undoubtedly—affection, fear, rage, curiosity. A veterinary surgeon certified that a horse died of fright at seeing an elephant at Walsall this year; and a dog has been known to become unconscious with joy at meeting its master after long absence.

Have Crocodiles Voices?

Both crocodiles and alligators have voices, and the sounds they utter are terrifying at night to those who have to cross streams in which the reptiles lie. The crocodile's note varies between a hoarse bark and a deep bellow.

How Does a Little Toad Swallow a Large Worm?

As a frog does: he seizes it in his jaws and helps it into his mouth with his hands, at the same time smoothing away with his fingers soil from the worm's body. Professor Gadew had a toad at Cambridge which ate full-grown mice!

AMAZING FIRE-MIST

RING OF LIGHT IN THE HEAVENS

Whirling Wonders Revealed by the Camera

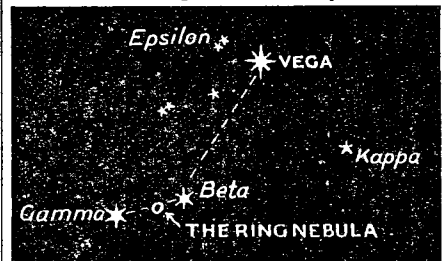
LIGHT REACHING EARTH AFTER 30,000 YEARS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a wonderful ring of light in the heavens which is, just now, almost overhead. It is not visible to the naked eye, but in a good telescope it will prove a fascinating object.

Intensely beautiful is the picture revealed as the telescope wanders through the maze of glittering orbs above us, but imagine the observer's surprise when he comes suddenly upon a mysterious ring of filmy light.

It is quite clearly defined, and it is always there, being known to astronomers as the Ring Nebula in Lyra. It is



The Ring Nebula in Lyra

also known as Messier 57, after the astronomer who made the famous catalogue of a large number of nebulae.

The accompanying star map shows where this celestial ring may be found. First we find the brilliant Vega, now almost overhead towards the south-west, the chief star in the constellation of the Lyre, of which a detailed description was given in the C.N. of July 12, 1919.

The Lyre is rich in celestial wonders, and as the eye wanders southwards from Vega a pair of moderately-bright stars will be seen about three times the breadth of the moon apart. These are Beta in Lyra, a very wonderful star, and, to the left, Gamma in Lyra. Now, about one-third of the way from Beta to Gamma is the famous Ring Nebula.

Curving Streams of Light

In shape it is oval, remarkably bright for a nebula, and shining with a delicate filmy light. In a powerful telescope many details are perceptible, and the wreaths of light are seen to be much brighter on the two sides of the oval than at the ends. But it is in a photograph that its wonder is revealed.

A long exposure of the plate shows a star in the centre of vast whirling masses of the elements in the form of luminous clouds and curving streams of light, in which are numbers of denser masses, resembling globes of fire mist, the suns and solar systems of a future universe.

For its size and distance are colossal, far exceeding that of any of the stars we can see, and, whereas the light from the resplendent Vega is calculated to take 35 years to reach us, the light from these nebulae takes at least 30,000 years, and, maybe, even a million or more.

Indeed, there can be little doubt that we are looking from this stupendous distance upon something corresponding to the Milky Way that encircles our universe, only still in the nebulous state of fire mist, and not yet condensed into suns and worlds. G. F. M.

ON THE LINE OF FAME

We warmly greet the little friend who sends this postcard:

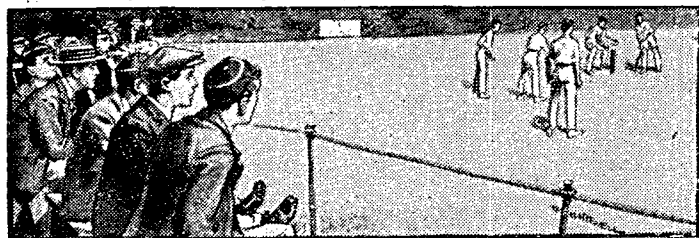
Dear Mr. Mee, I was very proud to see my great-grandfather, Hugh Miller, in the "Who-Was-He?" column of the C.N. He was my mother's mother's father, and I have one of his fossils and a letter he wrote. Robert McGregor, Edinburgh.

It is something to be in the line of descent from a great man, and we wish Robert a life as useful to the world as his mother's mother's father's was.

THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School

Told by
T. C. Bridges



CHAPTER 27 The Conspirators

FOR the second time in ten minutes Harney came into the study which he shared with Mansford, and stood, with the door half open and a peevish expression on his rather stupid face, looking at Mansford, who was busy writing.

"Are you going to be all day over that letter?" he asked at last. "You said you were coming down to the tuck shop about an hour ago. There won't be a single jam puff left if you don't come now."

"I'm busy," returned Mansford. "I can't go out till I've finished this letter."

"I never knew you write such a long letter," grumbled Harney.

"I never had anything so important to write about," replied Mansford.

Harney flung himself sulkily into a chair. Mansford went on—scribble—scribble. It was another quarter of an hour before at last he folded the sheets he had covered, put them in an envelope, addressed it, and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"Only hope you'll get something out of it," grunted Harney.

"Shouldn't wonder if I got quite a lot out of it," replied Mansford, with a queer smile. "It's on the cards I'll get square with that young beast Netley at last."

Harney sat up sharply.

"Do you mean it?"

"I jolly well do. I can't say yet, of course, but I vow there's something in it."

"Do you mean about that locket you spoke of the other day?"

Mansford looked at Harney and grinned.

"You're not such a fool as you look, Harney. Yes, that's what I'm after. I wrote to my father at once, and told him about it. He's a lawyer, you know. And he wrote back and told me to tell him all I knew, and that's what I've done."

"But I don't understand," said Harney quickly. "Do you mean that this fellow Cosby is some relation to Netley?"

"That's just what I do mean," answered Mansford.

Harney scowled.

"What's the good of that? How does it help us? The two young brutes will be pleased all to pieces. They're thick enough to be brothers as it is."

Mansford chuckled. It was not a pleasant sound.

"Suppose Cosby was the elder brother?" he said.

Harney sat up with a jerk.

"You mean Tom Cosby might be Jack Netley's elder brother?"

"No, you idiot. But Cosby's father might be Netley's father's elder brother. If he is, or was, then Cosby gets the cash."

Harney was so startled that he sat staring at Mansford with his mouth and eyes both wide open.

Mansford laughed again. He was delighted at the effect he had produced.

After a while Harney dropped back to a more comfortable position.

"From what old Hearn told you, and from what Dan Cosby said, we know that Tom Cosby is not Dan's son," he said. "But is there any-

thing except the locket to show that he's related to Netley?"

"There is," said Harney triumphantly. "My father's found that out. In the summer of 1905 there was an advertisement in several papers offering a reward of £500 for any information as to survivors from the wreck of the Carnforth."

"But why didn't Dan Cosby claim it?"

"He never saw it. These fisher-folk never read newspapers. Anyhow, Marsea is an out-of-the-way place, with no big town near. The Carnforth sank, or broke up, before she reached the beach. She was reported as 'lost with all hands.'"

"Who put in the advertisement?"

"Ah, that's the question! My father says it was done by a firm of lawyers. But he's going to find out all about it."

"Does he know whether Netley's father had an elder brother?"

"That's another thing he's going to find out."

"It might be a younger brother," said Harney sagely.

"You're not so thick as I thought," said Mansford, with a patronising air. "There is that to be thought of. But as Cosby is older than young Netley, the chances are that the brother, if there was one, was the elder."

"Some disreputable chap who was sacked out to the Colonies," chuckled Harney—"a black sheep."

"That's what I'm hoping," said Mansford. "Anyhow, we shall soon find out, and then we'll settle scores once and for all with that young upstart Netley."

Harney nodded.

"Good business! We'll teach him a thing or two before we've finished. Now are you coming to the tuck-shop, Mansford?"

"No. I've something else to do."

"What's that?"

Mansford looked mysterious. He hesitated.

"I don't think I'll say," he said.

"Oh, do!" begged the other.

"Perhaps I can help you."

Mansford looked hard at him.

"I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps you could. All right, I'll tell you."

He looked at the door to make sure it was shut, then leaned across, and whispered to Harney.

Harney started.

"I say, it's a bit risky, isn't it?"

"Not a bit. He's out. He's gone away for the day."

"But there's his housekeeper."

"We'll have to watch out for her. But she's sure to go out some time during the afternoon. That will be our chance. Don't come if you're scared," he added scornfully.

"Oh, I'll come!" said Harney.

CHAPTER 28

Two to One

At the same time that the two conspirators were talking over their unpleasant plans, Tom, Nettles, and Paddy were also engaged in a serious discussion.

"Mansford is up to something, Tom," said Nettles gravely. "That's twice he's been sneaking round. You know he was on the beach the day your father—that is, Dan, I mean—got us out of the water."

"He's always at some game or

other," said Tom, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But what harm can he do?"

"I don't know," confessed Nettles. "I wish I did. But it's no good, I'll be bound."

"He's up against us, of course," agreed Tom. "That's only natural. We've bumped against him pretty hard, and more than once. But I think you're worrying yourself for nothing, Nettles. There's nothing for him to find out about us—nothing wrong, anyhow."

He got up.

"I've got a cake in my locker. Let's have some."

"A mighty good notion," grinned Paddy. "I feel like cake."

The cake was a fine, plummy one. Tom planted it on the table and felt in his pocket.

"Bother! Where's my knife?" he exclaimed.

"All right; I have one," said Nettles.

Tom took it and carved the cake. Then he tried all his pockets.

"I don't want to lose my knife," he said. "Wonder what I've done with it."

Nettles took a bite at the cake. "Tell you what: you had it up at the captain's house the other night. You were cutting some string."

"And I left it there!" exclaimed Tom. "I remember quite well. I left it on the chimney-piece. I'll go and get it."

Snatching up his cap, he hurried off. Nettles watched him go; then turned to Paddy.

"I hope the dear old chap is right about Mansford, Paddy," he said. "All the same, I'm a bit uneasy. I can't help thinking that Mansford has something up his sleeve."

"I'm with ye there," replied Paddy. "'Tis in my mind that trouble's brewing."

Tom, meantime, had gone quickly across the quadrangle, out of the gates, and taken the short cut across the field. He was in a hurry, for he was anxious to get up to the nets for an hour's practice before tea.

Coming into the path leading from the captain's house to the village, he met Mrs. Hussey, Captain Gunn's housekeeper, with a basket on her arm. She stopped.

"The captain's away this afternoon, sir. He's gone to Terringham."

"I left my knife in the study, Mrs. Hussey. Can I get it?"

"Why, of course you can, sir! Go in by the back-door. The key is on the ledge over the scullery window."

"Thanks awfully!" said Tom; and hurried on.

Captain Gunn kept his place beautifully. House and garden were bright with fresh paint and brilliant flowers. It looked so pretty under the afternoon sun that Tom stopped a moment and gazed at it.

"What a topping place!" he said, with a little sigh. "Couldn't I be happy with a home like that?"

Then his mood changed.

"I'm an ungrateful pig!" he said. "Dan's the best chap in the world, and if he isn't really my father, no man could have been kinder or more decent."

He went on again more briskly, and, going through the back entrance, found the key, opened the door, and went into the house.

The kitchen, like everything else about the place, was spotlessly clean; the fire was banked down in the range. Rows of pots and pans, scoured like silver, were arranged on the snow-white dresser.

Tom knew his way, and, passing through a passage, pushed open a swing-door and reached the hall. Three rooms opened off the hall, the dining-room, a rarely used drawing-room, and Captain Gunn's pet room which he called his study. It was a good-sized, low-ceilinged room, very comfortably furnished, and the walls hung with Indian weapons from Yucatan, and all

sorts of curiosities which the captain had picked up in his wanderings.

At the far end was a door leading into a workshop, a neat wood and iron building where there was a carpenter's bench and a lathe. Tom went straight into the study, and, pulling up short, stared round in great amazement.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What's up?"

There was good reason for his astonishment. The room, usually so perfectly neat and tidy, was in the wildest confusion. Nearly every drawer of the big oak writing-table had been pulled out. Cupboards were open, and piles of letters and papers lay tumbled on the top of the table.

Tom forgot all about his knife.

"Burglars, by Jove!" were the words that escaped his lips; and instinctively he turned to the window. It was open at the top, but he could see no signs of anyone having entered or left that way.

Whoever they were, he must have disturbed them in the middle of their work. Probably they had heard the swing-door bang. Then where had they gone?

The workshop, of course! And that, no doubt, was the way by which they had broken in. He strode across the room to the workshop door and flung it open. He looked round.

No sign of anybody there. As he stood in the doorway, with one hand on the door-handle, looking straight in front of him, he thought he heard a slight rustle behind him. He was in the act of turning when a heavy rug was thrown over his head, and a pair of arms gripped him around the waist. Before he could even begin to struggle, his legs were kicked away from under him, and he came down with a crash on the polished boards. At the same time someone's knees were on his chest.

Tom fought like a fury, but his arms were pinned to his sides, and the rug held so tightly over his head that he was almost suffocated. He could only kick.

The whole weight of one of his assailants was on his chest, while the other held the rug hard over his face.

"Let me up!" gasped Tom.

"You're choking me!"

There was no answer. Neither of his attackers uttered a word or a sound. They only held him the tighter.

His struggles became more feeble, black specks danced before his eyes; he felt an agonising pain in his chest. Then a deadly numbness came over him. He struggled once or twice convulsively, and suddenly straightened out and lay very still.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Tricked

ALL day long a small boy in rough clothes stood beside a red Sussex heifer at the cattle fair in Horsham. Farmers offered to buy, but the price was more than they cared to pay. A tall man, well dressed and riding a magnificent hunter, asked the boy what he was waiting for.

"Waiting for six guineas, sir, for this fine heifer," said the boy. "I'm Dick Denyer, of Cowfold. Father's dead and mother is managing the farm, and this is the first time she has let me take a beast to market."

"Wish you luck, young 'un," said the man. "Perhaps I shall meet you on your way home."

He did so. As evening was falling Dick's patience was rewarded. An old friend of his mother's came along and gave the required six guineas for the heifer. Under a moonlit sky the boy set out on the long road running by St. Leonard's Forest to Cowfold.

He was about half-way home when he heard a horse trotting sharply behind him. It was the great hunter he had seen in the afternoon. The tall rider reined up to a walking pace.

"Well, my lad," he said, "I warrant you got a good price for that beast of yours!"

"Six guineas," said Dick proudly. "And I'm taking it home to mother."

"I want those six guineas, my boy, more than your mother does!" said the horseman, in a fierce, threatening voice.

Dick glanced up, and saw that the highwayman was leveling a pistol at his head. There was no way of escape. On the near side was a high, unbroken hedge, on the far side was fenced woodland. But Dick was clever.

"I will not give you my mother's money!" he screamed. "If you want it, get down and take it!"

Putting his hand in his pocket he took out the six guineas, and threw them on the grass by the roadside. The highwayman put away his pistol, which he did not need against the boy, leaped down and struck at Dick, who dodged behind the horse, while the thief went on hands and knees on the grass, on the farther side of the road, and groped for the guineas.

Being unseen behind the horse, Dick put one foot in the stirrup, raised himself quietly to the saddle, took the reins, and dug his heels into the horse's side, yelling like a madman.

Dick was the best rider for his age in Cowfold. At break-neck speed he put the hunter down the moonlit road, and galloped into his mother's farm.

A week after he sold the horse for forty guineas to Mr. Hurst, of Horsham. Hundreds of men, amused by the story of Dick's adventure, kept a look-out for the robber who had been robbed, but he was never seen again.

**Do
YOU
Know
"Pongo"?**

If not, you ought to get an introduction right away. You can meet him any Friday in **CHUCKLES**—he's on the front page with his merry animal friends—all of them full of fun and mischief. His adventures are rare fun. Ask your newsagent **TODAY** for

Chuckles
1½d.
The Favourite COLOURED
Picture and Story Paper

There's the Song of the Lark when the Skies are Clear

DR. MERRYMAN

WHILE his mother was upstairs one day Jack was looking in the cupboard for some sweet biscuits, when his aunt came into the room.

"Hullo, Jack! Helping mother?" she said.

"No, auntie. I'm helping myself," was his truthful reply.

What is Wrong?



Can you see what is wrong in these two pictures? Solutions next week

A Very Long Word

HERE is a word of 25 letters that was used during a discussion in the House of Commons some time ago:

Antidisestablishmentarian.

Do you know of a longer word than this?

A Large Family

"I ONCE knew a family of six boys and they each had a sister," remarked a father to his son. "How many children were there in that family?" he continued.

Do you know how many there were? Answer next week

Skin and Bone

When two millers of Manchester named Bone and Skin tried to send up the price of corn John Byrom, the author of the Christmas hymn "Christians Awake," wrote this verse:

Two millers thin,
Called Bone and Skin,
Would starve us all or near it;
But be it known,
To Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

A Dainty Young Maiden of Herm



A DAINTY young maiden of Herm Tied a bow on the tail of a worm, Saying, "Now you're all right, You look merry and bright; But you'll wriggle it off if you squirm."

When I C U Do You C Me?

A B flew over the river Y
An L above or so:
"When I C U do U C me?"
That's what I'd like to know."
The river Y flowed to the C
And answered cross and low,
"I am the Y and not the D,
That's all I'll let you know."
The little B said "fiddle-D-D,"
And winked his little I;
"I may be little as a P,
But I'm bigger than a fly;
And when my friend the bright-winged J
Calls round to me for T,
O U may stay by bank and K,
U R not fit for me."
The fishes, who had formed a Q
To listen on the sly,
All clapped their fins at the conclusion of the B's reply.

What Am I?

THOUGH I dance at a ball,
I'm nothing at all.
Answer next week



Willy-Nilly

Is Your Name Puller?

PULLER, as a surname, is derived from the old French word poulier, meaning a hen-keeper, and no doubt the far-away ancestors of those who have this name were poultry farmers.

Missing Words

Here is a verse with six missing words which are all different, but in the spelling of which the same six letters are used.

LENNIE — the words he read,
Studying — fable;
Lennie's mother — the bread,
Sophy — the table.
"Work while you are —," they said,
"— while you are able."

Solutions next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Misunderstanding

Mr. Brown thought Mr. Jones said, "House your dog," and he replied that he had done so.

Word Puzzle Alphabet

What Plant Is This? Dog-rose

The Adventures of Jerry

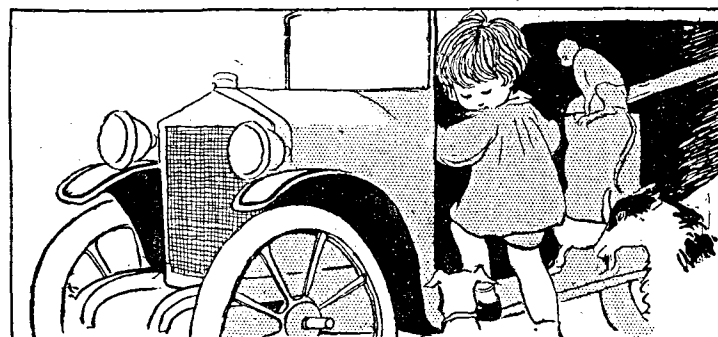
TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 17

NO wonder he squealed as he stepped into the car, for who should be sitting in it, almost hidden in the corner, but his own dear Mummy.

"Jerry!" she cried. "Oh, Jerry!" And the next moment he was squeezed up tight in her arms.

She didn't say another word, but she hugged him so tight that he had to wriggle himself free before he could tell his story.



Jerry stepped into the car

He told her his adventures from beginning to end, and he wound up by saying, "So, you see, I've made heaps of friends and I haven't been lonely."

"But I have," said Mummy; "terribly lonely. I thought I had lost you. Jerry, you must never run away from me again." And then she told her story, how they had been searching for him all night and all day, and how at last Mr. Stephens had heard and had telegraphed where he was.

"And then you ran off again," said Mummy, "and if I hadn't mistaken the house, and stopped just here, I might never have found you."

"I've been a very naughty boy," said Jerry slowly. "But you will let me keep my new friends, won't you?" he added.

"I think you must take the little goat back," replied his mother; "but you may keep the rest."

"Hurrah!" cried Jerry. "Bow-wow!" barked Pat. "Mew!" cried Snowball. While Blackie and Sammy hopped on Mummy's shoulders, as if to say, "Thank you very much."

And so everything ended happily, you see, after all.

THE END

Jacko Comes to Lunch

ONE morning, while the Jacko family was at the seaside, Jacko thought it would be a fine idea to explore a big cave on the beach.

Jacko had quite a jolly morning, and when he had finished poking about the floor of the cave he went outside and looked up.

A high grassy bank led to the cliff overhead.

"Think I'll climb up and see what it looks like on top," said Jacko, and he began scrambling up.

It was fairly steep, but there were plenty of wild flowers and coarse grass to catch hold of, and he didn't have much difficulty.

Once up he got a fine view, and there he sat on the edge of the cliff, his feet dangling over, singing, "I'm king of the castle" and "I shan't go home till morning," while the gulls screamed below, and the wind whistled through his hair and made him feel so hungry that he began to wish he had brought his lunch.

"It wasn't so bad coming up," he said, leaning over, "but it'll take some getting down again. Hallo! Who's in my cave? Picnic party. Cool! What a spread!"

He leaned over a bit farther to get a better view—lost his balance, and, before he could stop himself, began rolling over and over down the cliff.

"Look out!" he screamed to the people below. "Look out! I'm coming down, and—I—can't—stop!"

"What on earth!" they cried, jumping up.

Then—crash! And there was Jacko sitting among the dishes, with the crockery flying in every direction!



Crash! And there was Jacko among the dishes

Who Was He?

The Hero Warrior

MANY of the men who have made great and honoured names for themselves in British history have done so in callings and professions other than those for which they were educated.

This was so in the case of a distinguished soldier born in 1795 at Sunderland, where his father was a shipbuilder.

He was to have been a lawyer, but the blood of the Vikings ran in his veins, for he could trace his ancestry back to the Danes, and a month after the battle of Waterloo he entered the army and went out to India.

From childhood he had been fearless and full of pluck, and the story is told that when, after falling from a tree into which he had climbed to get a bird's nest, he was asked, after coming round from unconsciousness, if he were frightened, he replied: "I had no time to be frightened, for I was thinking of the nest, and feared the eggs would be smashed."

In India he served in several little wars, and, being of a devout and serious disposition, he looked after the welfare of his men, and so influenced them that they became famous for their discipline and high moral character. On one occasion, when there was a particularly difficult and dangerous piece of fighting to be done, the general in command said, "Turn out the Saints," meaning the young officer's regiment which had come to be known by this name.

After a holiday in England the officer returned to India just as the Mutiny broke out, and his efforts in that terrible time have become famous. He led a handful of men to the relief of a besieged garrison, and, after relieving them, was himself besieged.

His men idolised him, and a word of praise or encouragement from him would make them perform almost superhuman feats. Yet he never spoke very much. "Highlanders," he said on one occasion after a particularly hard-won fight, "I have been in 27 fights, and never saw a regiment behave better." It was not much, but was appreciated by the men.

His name stands out as a glorious beacon-light in Britain's story, for he was not only a great and successful soldier, but a splendid example of what a gentleman should be. Had he lived in the olden times he would have been a Crusader.

He died of disease during the Mutiny, and almost his last words to his son were, "Come, my son, and see how a Christian man can die." Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Galleo

Ici on Parle Français

BONAPARTE ET TALMA

Le jeune Bonaparte, qui admirait beaucoup Talma, passait souvent ses soirées dans les coulisses du Théâtre-Français. Le concierge demanda à Talma qui était ce jeune officier dont le nom n'était pas inscrit sur sa liste. "Napoléon Bonaparte," dit l'acteur. "Il est de mes amis."

Dix ans plus tard, aux Tuileries, si quelque prince demandait à l'Empereur: "Sire, quel est cet homme?" Napoléon répondait: "C'est Talma. Il est de mes amis."

Notes and Queries

What does Vice Versâ mean? Vice versâ are two Latin words meaning "instead of" and "turned." Combined in a phrase they mean "in the contrary case."

What is Conscience Money? Conscience money is money that has been stolen, or wrongfully retained, and voluntarily restored to its rightful owner.

What is a Millimetre? A millimetre is a unit of measurement under the metric system containing the thousandth of a metre, equal to 0.03937 of an inch.

What is a Sine Qua Non? These words are Latin, and mean literally "without which not." In modern language they imply an indispensable condition.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 28, 1920

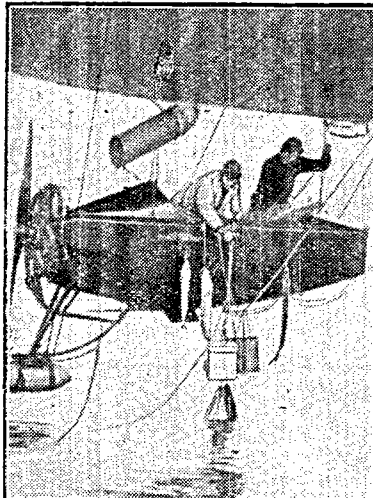
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CHESS-BOARD WONDER · FISHING FROM THE AIR · BOY'S CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP



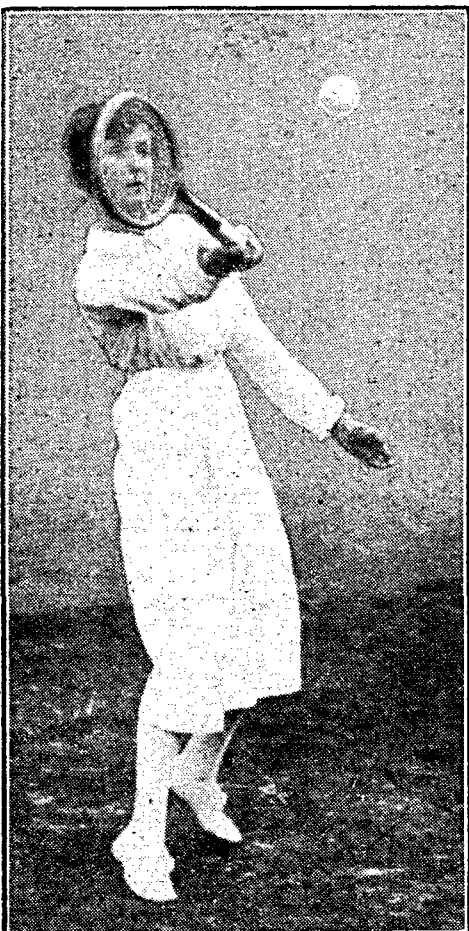
Boy Chess Champion Among His Pets—Little Samuel Rzeschewski, the eight-year-old chess champion who is astonishing the world, feeding his chickens. See page 5



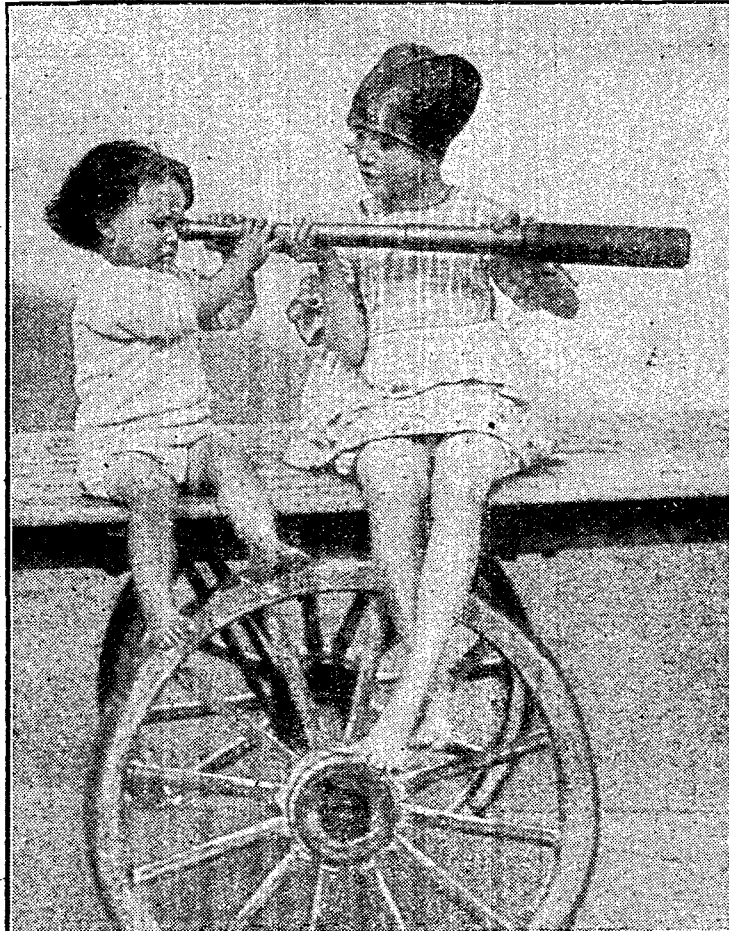
Fishing From an Airship—American anglers now fish in unnavigable waters from small airships, as shown here



Girl Guides in Camp—Girl Guides emulate their brother Scouts by spending their holidays under canvas. This picture shows the Croydon Guides at their morning toilet at Birchington-on-Sea



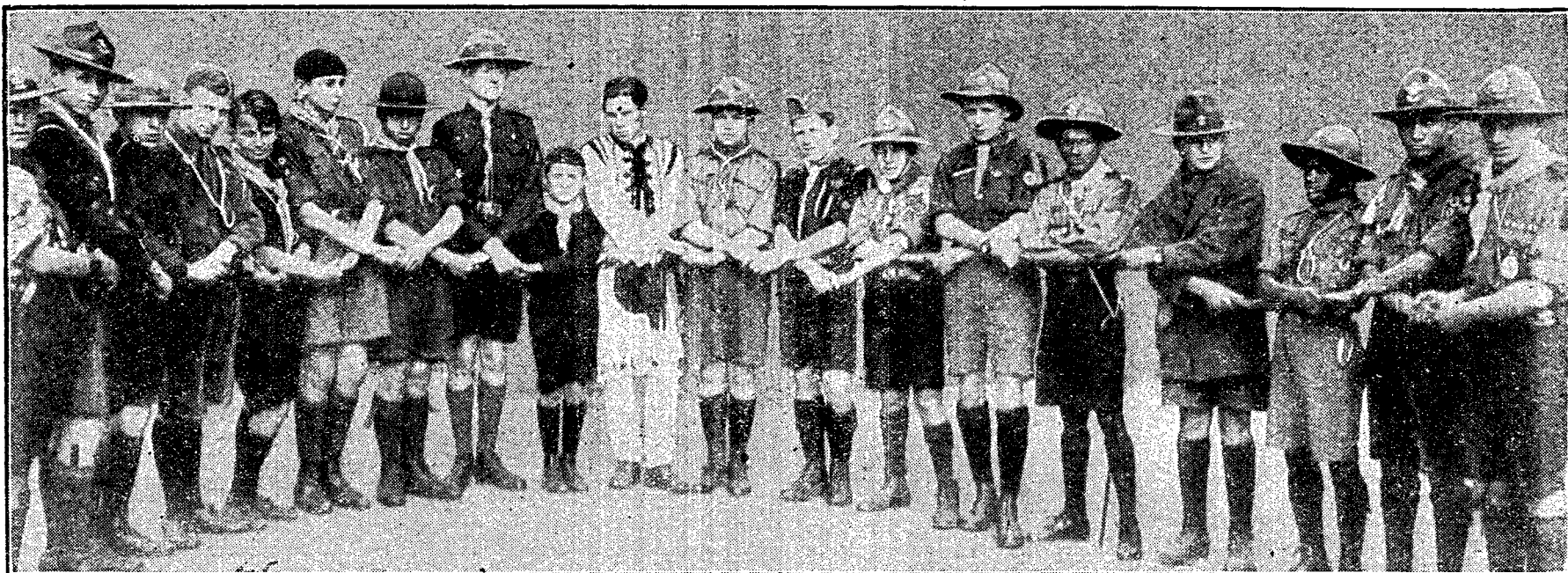
The Face Through the Racquet—A striking snapshot that was taken during a recent tennis tournament at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight



A Peep Out to Sea—A little holiday-maker takes a peep through a long telescope at the ships passing in the distance, and asks, with Kipling, "Oh, where are you going to, all you big steamers?"



A Swing in Mid-air—A girl being rescued by means of the life-line during a recent fire drill display that was organised by the fire brigade at Eastbourne



The Boy's League of Nations—Boy Scouts of all nations joining hands and singing Auld Lang Syne at the Jamboree. The countries represented are, from left to right, Gibraltar, England, France, Holland, Malta, Switzerland, Japan, Italy, Poland, Rumania, China, Serbia, Greece, Luxemburg, Ceylon, United States, Jamaica, Belgium, Canada

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